LINCOLN GREEN

1953

LINCOLN SCHOOL PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND

Yearbook 1953

UPON GRADUATING

Yesterday we sang and played.
Unconcerned,
We rode a wide broad highway
Built upon others' shoulders,
Constructed out of flimsy, nebulous dreams
And a few aspirations . . .

But now the highway narrows.
Half mature,
We strike into a winding footpath,
Making it as we go.
We look at it now, staring into the forest through which we must cut,
Awe-struck and lost.

Where does it go? That is our task.
Perhaps
If we lose our direction, it will end
Upon the highway, and we will have gone nowhere,
Doomed to spend our lives in childish incomprehension.

Perhaps
We will lose the sword of learning
And become entangled in the foliage of inertia,
Left behind the others, contenting ourselves with animal lives.

Perhaps
Ambition will become a terrible master
And forge a sword of greed which will cut too quickly;
Which will slip from our control, and cut us instead;
But perhaps,
Ambition will be tempered by learning,
Building marvels out of the wilderness; blazing trails of success,
Hewing a straight, resolute path to the peaceful sea.

Then, again, we will sing and play,
Experienced,
Forging swords ourselves,
Ready to cut for our children
A broad, happy highway of love and dreams
And a few aspirations.

JANET LAING, '53

TO MISS EILEEN P. McGRATH

THE CLASS OF 1953 DEDICATES THIS YEARBOOK

Best wishes
EMcG.

CLASS OF 1953

Back Row, left to right: L. Brown, J. Sproul, C. Briggs, E. Streit, J. Peterson, J. Gifford, J. Chisholm, E. Washburn, O. Barclay, C. Wright, J. Mackie, E. Morrisse, C. Rison.

Third Row: H. Whitten, D. Bidden, C. Chase, S. Shoop, S. Radcliffe, E. Slack, S. Raines, C. Sawyer, B. Steere, B. James.

Second Row: N. Cornelius, S. Goff, E. Grossman, M. Hutchison, J. Johnson, S. Zweifel, J. Laing, S. Low,-L. Newth, D. Jones, M. Shore, M. Winter.

Front Row: I. Dwares, J. Goff, C. Chang, E. Lynch, E. Dimond, M. Watts, A. Alba, B. Benson, N. Legare.

Dear Adelle
I'm glad you're going
to Rhodes - Respect. Don't
I'll see you more often
because I'll come to Providence
Write & let's
Lots of Luck!
Love
Jane

ADELLE ANNA ALBA 1948-1953

165 Canton Street
Providence 8, Rhode Island

"The play's the thing."—*Shakespeare*

Seen: with Barbara, learning lines for a play
Talks about: the Marines, Matthew
Ambition: to produce a Broadway play
Remembered for: voice, dress-designing, ability in French, coffee for lunch

President of Dramatic Club, '53; Vice-President of Dramatic Club, '52; *Patience*, '52; *Good Housekeeping*, '51; Moses Brown Christmas Play, '51; Glee Club, '51, '52, '53; Chorus, '50; S.C.E.W., '53; Dramatic Club, '51, '52, '53; Junior Alliance Française, '51, '52, '53; Dance Club, '53; Senior Play, '53; Freshman Plays, '50; Four Schools' Concert, '50, '51; Prophecy Committee for *Yearbook*, '53.

OLIVE MARIAN BARCLAY 1949-1953

North Haven
Maine

"(She) knew the precise psychological moment when to say nothing"—*Wilde*

Seen: in conference with Miss Moberg
Talks about: Coast Guard lighthouse, being prompt at rehearsals.
Ambition: to run a ferry service to the island
Remembered for: tadpoles and snails, being a good waitress, knitting

Representative to A.A., '52, '53; Representative to Glee Club, '51; Varsity Hockey, '53; Varsity Basketball, '51, '52, '53; Varsity Softball, '51, '52; J. V. Basketball, '50; *Good Housekeeping*, '51; Moses Brown Christmas Play, '51; Cheerleader, '50, '51, '52, '53; Glee Club, '51, '52, '53; Chorus, '50; Dramatic Club, '52, '53; Senior Play, '53; Freshman Plays, '50; Four Schools Concert, '52; Photography Committee of *Yearbook*, '53.

BARBARA ADELE BENSON 1944-1953

Elton Circle
Cranston, Rhode Island

"I am not arguing with you—I am telling you."—*Whistler*

Seen: with Adelle, looking at Charles Adams's Cartoons
Talks about: "D.D."
Ambition: to be President of the Lions Club
Remembered for: shortness, Irish dialect, arguments, blue convertible

Secretary of Dramatic Club, '53; Chairman of Prophecy Committee for *Yearbook*, '53; J. V. Hockey, '50, '51; *Patience*, '52; *Good Housekeeping*, '51; Tea Dance Committee, '51; Glee Club, '51, '52, '53; Chorus, '50; Dramatic Club, '52, '53; S.C.E.W., '51, '52, '53; Junior Alliance Française, '51, '52, '53; Senior Play, '53; Freshman Plays, '50; Four Schools' Concert, '50, '51.

DIANA GAIL BIDDEN 1949-1953

36 Melrose Avenue
Barrington, Rhode Island

"Bait the hook well, this fish will bite."—*Shakespeare*

Seen: driving on sidewalk, knitting baby clothes
Talks about: Illinois Tech., architectural drawing
Ambition: to sail in Bermuda race
Remembered for: blonde hair, giggle, crabmeat sandwiches

Glee Club, '53; Chorus, '50, '52; S.C.E.W., '52, '53; Senior Play, '53; Freshman Plays, '50; Four Schools' Concert, '52; Special Features Committee for *Yearbook*, '53.

CAROLYN KENYON BRIGGS 1947-1953

206 Wayland Avenue
Providence 6, Rhode Island

"I had a thing to say, but I will fit it with some better time."—*Shakespeare*

Seen: feeding local canines, having coffee at Jani's, playing the piano, looking for retainer
Talks about: Impossible!!—chronic laryngitis
Ambition: Head of S. P. C. A.
Remembered for: tuna fish sandwiches with onions, sweet smile, Lavinia

Freshman Class President, '50; Representative to Cooperative Government, '52; Representative to Glee Club, '53; Representative to Community Service, '51; *Patience*, '52; Step-Singing Committee, '52, '53; Glee Club, '51, '52, '53; Chorus, '50; S.C.E.W., '51; Junior Alliance Française, '52; Senior Play, '53; Four Schools' Concert, '50, '51; Prophecy Committee for *Yearbook*, '53.

LOIS JENNINGS BROWN 1946-1953

97 Highland Avenue
Warwick, Rhode Island

"I am constant as the Northern star."—*Shakespeare*

Seen: calling Mr. Rapelye, looking for a fountain pen, foxing Hannah, running movie projector
Talks about: Stanford, chemistry
Ambition: Republican Campaign Manager
Remembered for: efficiency, water- ink- and powder-fights, flannel sheets, getting the news first, conferences with Mrs. Appleton

Chairman of Photography Committee of *Yearbook*, '53; Representative to Resident Government, '50, '51; *Good Housekeeping*, '51; Moses Brown Christmas Play, '52; J. V. Hockey, '53; Tea Dance Committee, '52; Prom Committee, '52; Cheerleader, '52; Chorus, '50, '51, '52, '53; Dramatic Club, '52, '53; S.C.E.W., '50, '51, '52; Sylt Committee, '50, '51; Junior Alliance Française, '52, '53; Senior Play, '53; Freshman Plays, '50; Four Schools' Concert, '52.

to Chisholm.
Best luck to you always, and I never will forget your beautiful face and sweet smile.
Love
Christine

CHRISTINE CHANG 1950-1953

376 Slater Avenue
Providence 6, Rhode Island

"Humility, that low, sweet root,
From which all heavenly virtues shoot."—*Moore*

Seen: at Ming Gardens, studying, collecting dues, riding in Oldsmobile convertible
Talks about: China
Ambition: to return to Formosa
Remembered for: her dimples, trips to New York, teaching everyone the Chinese language, canned pork, friendliness, seat in Senior Room next to radio

Senior Class Treasurer, '53; Senior Play, '53.

CAROLYN ASHLEY CHASE 1947-1953

210 Chapel Street
Saylesville, Rhode Island

"The artillery of words."—*Swift*

Seen: riding in her Dodge, knitting socks
Talks about: U. R. I., "The Cape", her sister
Ambition: To build a Lincoln cut-off from the Louisquisset Pike
Remembered for: her mother's delicious cake, curly hair, potato sticks

Chorus, '50, '51, '52, '53; S.C.E.W., '50, '51, '52, '53; Junior Alliance Française, '51, '52, '53; Senior Play, '53; Freshman Plays, '50; Four Schools' Concert, '52; Photography Committee for *Yearbook*, '53.

Jane:
I really enjoyed boarding!
The best of luck to you at college!
Chasey

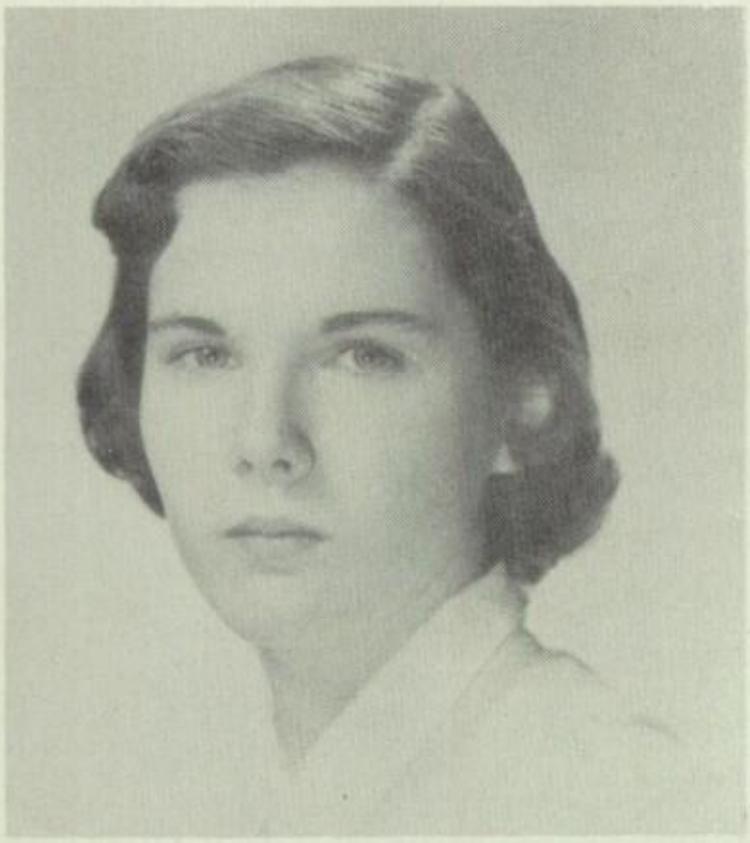
MARY JANE CHISHOLM 1951-1953

Charlemont Inn
Charlemont, Massachusetts

"'Tis a word that's quickly spoken."—*Beaumont*

Seen: at armor rehearsals, reading magazines
Talks about: Charlemont, her Billy Graham friends!
Ambition: first lady of a Southern (preferably Georgia) mansion.
Remembered for: freckles, prominence (?) in athletics, "Could you drive us for Community Service today?", white lilac perfume, large correspondence

President, Community Service, '53; Treasurer of Sylt Committee, '52; Chairman of Will Committee for *Yearbook*, '53; *Patience*, '52; Glee Club, '52, '53; Junior Alliance Française, '52, '53; Senior Play, '53.



NANCY ANN CORNELIUS

1938-1950,
1951-1953

39 East Orchard Avenue
Providence 6, Rhode Island

"A light heart lives long."—*Shakespeare*

Seen: walking across the street, giving "cokes" to the boarders
Talks about: Andover, St. George's
Ambition: to live in Michigan
Remembered for: her unfinished argyles, recreation room, faithfulness to Lincoln, her plaid coat

Varsity Hockey, '53; Chorus, '50; S.C.E.W., '53; Junior Alliance Française, '53; Senior Play, '53; Freshman Play, '50; History Committee for *Yearbook*, '53.

EMMA ELAINE DIMOND

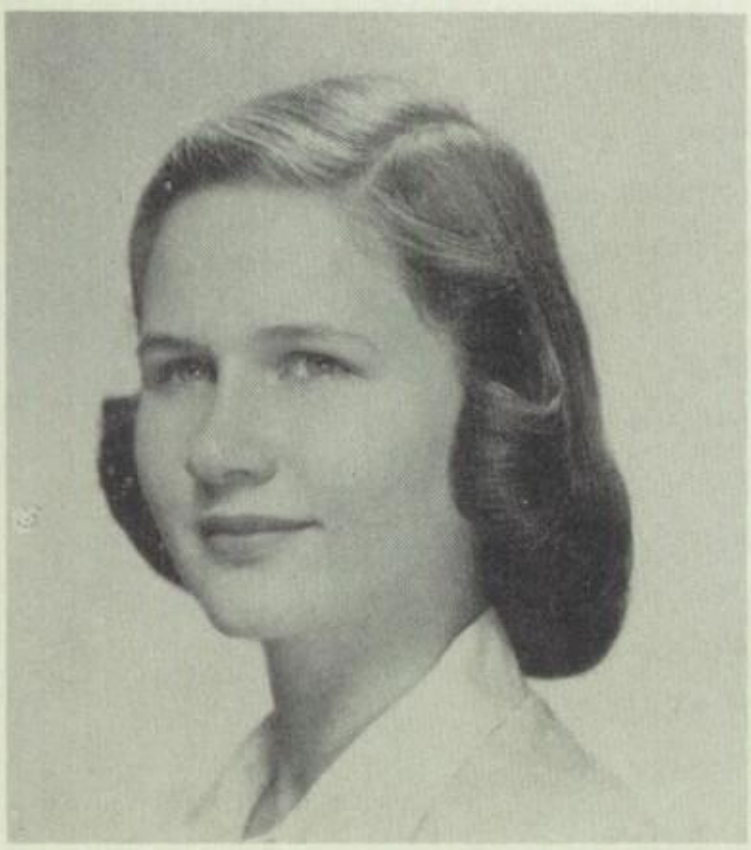
1949-1953

62 Paterson Street
Providence 6, Rhode Island

"The way to have a friend is to be a friend."—*Emerson*

Seen: waving her arms to get a point across, walking home from school, at Brown
Talks about: nobody
Ambition: to go on a chocolate-eating spree
Remembered for: everybody's friend, gracefulness, being a temporary blonde, orderly class meetings, poodle haircut.

Senior Class President, '53; Freshman Class Secretary, '50; Representative to Judicial Board, '51; *Patience*, '52; *Good Housekeeping*, '51; Glee Club, '51, '52; Chorus, '50; Dramatic Club, '52, '53; S.C.E.W., '50, '51; Senior Play, '53; Freshman Plays, '50; Four Schools' Concert, '50; Special Features Committee for *Yearbook*, '53; Chairman of Graduation Dress Committee, '53.



INA JOY DWARES

1947-1953

75 Laurel Avenue
Providence 6, Rhode Island

"The silence often of pure innocence persuades when speaking fails."—*Shakespeare*

Seen: at Brown, with Sue
Talks about: trip to California, friends in New Jersey
Ambition: to be able to open her combination lock
Remembered for: subtle humor, ability (?) in gym, blue-green dyes, Kleenex, numerous correspondents

Sophomore Class President, '51; *Patience*, '52; Chorus, '50; Dramatic Club, '52, '53; S.C.E.W., '51, '53; Junior Alliance Française, '52, '53; Senior Play, '53; Freshman Plays, '50; Captions Committee for *Yearbook*, '53.

JANE ARLEEN GIFFORD 1947-1953

16 Mathewson Lane
Barrington, Rhode Island

"Opinions cannot survive if one has no chance to fight for them."—*Mann*

Seen: Knitting, counting calorie, buying greeting cards, skating *early* in the morning.
Talks about: A. D., Weekapaug
Ambition: to finish a certain ski-sweater
Remembered for: crutches, philosophy on love, getting up late, good posture, being a second Dorothy Dix, numerous male acquaintances.

Varsity Hockey, '52; J. V. Hockey, '51, '53; Basketball, '50; J. V. Softball, '52; *Patience*, '52; Step-Singing Committee, '52; Cheerleader, '50, '51, '52, '53; Initiation Committee, '53; Chorus, '50, '51, '52, '53; S.C.E.W., '51; Junior Alliance Française, '52, '53; Senior Play, '53; Freshman Plays, '50; Special Features Committee for *Yearbook*, '53; Graduation Dress Committee, '53.

JANE WILLIAMS GOFF 1946-1953

37 East Manning Street
Providence, Rhode Island

"I will speak in a monstrous little voice."—*Shakespeare*

Seen: Knitting squares for Mrs. Lynes, moving
Talks about: Pennsylvania, horses, the store, Katy Gibbs
Ambition: to be head chef at the Waldorf Astoria
Remembered for: painted glasses, prudence, heated debates, "Please sign books out for day due!" freckles, strawberry-colored hair

Patience, '52; Dramatic Club, '53; S.C.E.W., '51, '52, '53; Junior Alliance Française, '52, '53; Glee Club, '53; Chorus, '50, '51, '52; Senior Play, '53; Freshman Plays, '50; Four Schools' Concert, '50, '52; Photography Committee for *Yearbook*, '53.

SUSAN MEREDITH GOFF 1947-1953

75 Shaw Avenue
Edgewood 5, Rhode Island

"No wealth is like the quiet mind."—*Unknown*

Seen: at Judicial Board meetings, leaving for a trip
Talks about: her brother, Cinerama, Fleur-de-lis
Ambition: to shoot and hit the bull's eye
Remembered for: her father's photography, being a good archer, "Cannibalism".

Junior Class Treasurer, '52; Representative to Judicial Board, '53; Acting Head of Judicial Board, '53; Chorus, '50, '51, '53; Representative to Chorus, '50; S.C.E.W., '51, '53; Junior Alliance Française, '52, '53; Senior Play, '53; Freshman Plays, '50; Prophecy Committee for *Yearbook*, '53.

EDITH ANN GROSSMAN 1950-1953

81 Hazard Avenue
Providence, Rhode Island

"It seemed as if (she) drank it up—(she) felt with spirit so profound."—*Shakespeare*

Seen: studying, collecting ads, borrowing pens
Talks about: politics, Adlai, colorful relatives
Ambition: President of Democratic Party
Remembered for: prolific writings, Stevenson buttons, lively debates, huge lunches, extensive vocabulary, schedules, muscle exercises, excellent report cards

Business Manager of *Lincoln Green*, '53; Assistant Business Manager of *Lincoln Green*, '52; Sophomore Class Treasurer, '51; *Good Housekeeping*, '51; Dramatic Club, '52, '53; Senior Play, '53.

MERCEDES MASSON HUTCHISON 1946-1953

32 Drowne Parkway
Rumford, Rhode Island

"Is not life a hundred times too short for us to bore ourselves?"—*Nietzsche*

Seen: riding in "Puddles", at fraternity parties, laughing at Miss McGrath's jokes
Talks about: headaches, apartment
Ambition: to have eyes of matching color
Remembered for: jewelry, sophistication, fool-proof diet, Monday morning pig-tails

Chairman, Chapel Committee, '53; *Patience*, '52; Tea Dance Committee, 51; S.C.E.W., '51, '52, '53; Junior Alliance Française, '51, '52, '53; Senior Play, '53; Freshman Plays, '50; Captions Committee for *Yearbook*, '53; Class Gifts Committee, '53.

BETH JAMES 1951-1953

18 Don Avenue
Rumford 16, Rhode Island

"Laugh yourself into stitches."—*Shakespeare*

Seen: in the "Square", asking for crackers, mailing packages
Talks about: food, her brother
Ambition: to be skinny lady in a side-show
Remembered for: standing on her head, pierced ears, blonde hair, donations from lunches, class clown

Cheerleader, '53; Chairman of Initiation Committee, '53; Step-Singing Committee, '53; Glee Club, '53; Chorus, '52; S.C.E.W., '52, '53; Senior Play, '53; Four Schools' Concert, '52; Will Committee for *Yearbook*, '53; Prom Committee, '52; Tea Dance Committee, '53.

JUDITH ALLEN JOHNSON 1951-1953

R. F. D. 71
Saunderstown, Rhode Island

"Eyes can speak, and eyes can understand."—*Chapman*

Seen: with Penny and Jan, driving
Talks about: Saunderstown, O.C.S.
Ambition: to raise sheep and dogs
Remembered for: beach wagon, long underwear, remarks in French class, freckles, Wagner generalizations

Patience, '52; Glee Club, '53; Chorus, '52; Senior Play, '53; Will Committee for *Yearbook*, '53.

DEBORAH LEE JONES 1946-1953

89 Cole Avenue
Providence 6, Rhode Island

"The will to do, the soul to dare."—*Swift*

Seen: knitting
Talks about: cutting hair, "I think you're horrid!"
Ambition: to be a doctor's wife
Remembered for: life-long member of D.T.D., Judicial Board, versatility, stories based on her family, her brother, mayonnaise

Chairman of Judicial Board, '53; Vice-President Cooperative Government, '52; Representative to Judicial Board, '51; Representative to Community Service, '50; Varsity Hockey, '51, '52; J. V. Hockey, '50; J. V. Basketball, '50; Tea Dance Committee, '50; Glee Club, '52, '53; Chorus, '50, '51; Senior Play, '53; Freshman Plays, '50; Four Schools' Concert, '52; Will Committee for *Yearbook*, '53.

JANET TRUESDELL LAING 1948-1953

359 Brook Street
Providence 6, Rhode Island

"I am in earnest, I will not equivocate, I will not excuse, I will not retreat a single inch, and I will be heard."
—*Garrison*

Seen: cranking up "Puddles", in Lab, taking part in a debate
Talks about: family idiosyncrasies
Ambition: to be a biologist
Remembered for: "chatting", fraternity pin, "Puddles", wit, pony tail, being a biology whiz

Freshman Class Treasurer, '50; Vice-President of Dramatic Club, '53; Representative to *Lincoln Green*, '51; Chairman of Class Gifts Committee, '53; Varsity Hockey, '50, '52; Varsity Basketball, '52; J. V. Hockey, '51; J. V. Basketball, '51, '53; J. V. Softball, '52; Moses Brown Christmas Plays, '51, '52; *Good Housekeeping*, '51; *Patience*, '52; Step-Singing Committee, '52; Tea Dance Committee, '50; Glee Club, '51, '52, '53; Chorus, '50; Dramatic Club, '52, '53; S.C.E.W., '52; Dance Club, '52, '53; Chapel Committee, '53; Senior Play, '53; Freshman Plays, '50; Four Schools' Concert, '50, '51; Will Committee for *Yearbook*, '53.

NANCY ANN LEGARE 1949-1953

12 Elton Street
Providence 6, Rhode Island

"Neat, not gaudy."—*Lamb*

Seen: knitting a blue sweater, riding around N. P.
Talks about: a "certain" person, U. R. I.
Ambition: to be married before thirty-three
Remembered for: cream-colored convertible, large lunches, up-to-date (?) physiology notes

J. V. Hockey, '53; *Patience*, '52; Chorus, '50, '53; S.C.E.W., '51, '52, '53; Senior Play, '53; Freshman Plays, '50; Captions Committee for *Yearbook*, '53.

SUSAN ESTA LOW 1945-1953

309 Doyle Avenue
Providence 6, Rhode Island

"I have been in such a pickle since I saw you last."
—*Shakespeare*

Seen: falling down, playing "Tea for Two" with Margie, in the Boarding Department
Talks about: camp, sports
Ambition: to eat and get thin
Remembered for: talking fast, tumbles on the basketball court, hysterics in class, an apple for lunch, waiting for her mother.

Captain, White Team, '53; Representative to A. A., '51; Varsity Basketball, '52, '53; J. V. Hockey, '53; J. V. Softball, '52; *Patience*, '52; Glee Club, '51, '52, '53; Chorus, '50; S.C.E.W., '52, '53; Chapel Committee, '53; Junior Alliance Française, '52, '53; Dramatic Club, '53; Senior Play, '53; Freshman Plays, '50; Four Schools' Concert, '50, '51, '52; History Committee for *Yearbook*, '53; Class Gifts Committee, '53.

EMILY CUNNEEN LYNCH 1951-1953

878 Rock Street
Fall River, Massachusetts

"Blushing is the color of virtue."—*Henry*

Seen: not in room, distracting Liz, borrowing
Talks about: "power corrupts," Spanish
Ambition: to be an ensign
Remembered for: Confederate hat, best-made bed, Centurion helmet, huge appetite, blushing, "Thanks a bunch, Kids."

Senior Class Vice-President, '53; Representative to Resident Government, '53; *Patience*, '52; Chorus, '52; Senior Play, '53.

JUSTINE MACKIE 1948-1953

11 Central Avenue
North Providence, Rhode Island

"If there be no fun, make it."—*Unknown*

Seen: perfecting her back-bend, writing letters, practicing modern dancing at lunch-time, combing her hair, looking out Study Hall window
Talks about: her many problems
Ambition: to run a blind-date bureau
Remembered for: wrestling matches with Beth, red barrette, trips to Kingstown, visitors, fickleness

Varsity Softball, '50, '51, '52; Glee Club, '51, '52, '53; Chorus, '50; S.C.E.W., '52, '53; Dance Club, '52, '53; Senior Play, '53; Freshman Plays, '50; Four Schools' Concert, '52; Captions Committee for *Yearbook*, '53.

MILDRED ELAINE MORRISSE 1951-1953

32 Sargent Avenue
Providence 6, Rhode Island

"They knew not whether she were grave or gay."—*Pitter*

Seen: singing in Spanish Class, reading *The Mayo Brothers*
Talks about: Denmark, Julius La Rosa, her brother
Ambition: to raise kittens
Remembered for: smile, permanent place in the library, red and black socks that she is knitting

Patience, '52; Cheerleader, '52, '53; Glee Club, '53; Chorus, '52; S.C.E.W., '52; Junior Alliance Française, '52; Senior Play, '53; Prophecy Committee for *Yearbook*, '53.

LEE CRANE NEWTH 1949-1953

Nayatt Point
West Barrington, Rhode Island

"A little sunburnt by the glare of life."—*Browning*

Seen: cutting her hair, visiting Freshman Study Hall, good old Barrington
Talks about: Narragansett, trip to Florida, Duke
Ambition: to find effective freckle cream
Remembered for: red hair and convertible to match, being neat, debates on prejudice, mononucleosis

Representative to Cooperative Government, '52; Treasurer of Dramatic Club, '53; Chairman of Captions Committee for *Yearbook*, '53; Step-Singing Committee, '53; Initiation Committee, '53; Chorus, '50, '52, '53; Dramatic Club, '52, '53; S.C.E.W., '52, '53; Junior Alliance Française, '52, '53; Chapel Committee, '52; Freshman Plays, '50; Senior Play, '53.

JOYCE DOLORES PETERSON 1950-1953

110 New Road
Rumford 16, Rhode Island

"Let her who knows the instrument play upon it."
—*Unknown*

Seen: with Sandy and Carolyn, New Bedford on week-ends
Talks about: little brother, S.C.E.W. meetings
Ambition: to drive the little red "bug"
Remembered for: the harp, the big "3", neatness, raising one eyebrow

Chairman of S.C.E.W., '53; Junior Class Secretary, '52; Glee Club, '53; Chorus, '51, '52; S.C.E.W., '52; Orchestra, '51, '52, '53; Senior Play, '53; Four Schools' Concert, '52; Captions Committee for *Yearbook*, '53.

SANDRA ANN RADCLIFFE 1950-1953

249 Ashley Boulevard
New Bedford, Massachusetts

"Traveling is no fool's errand to him who carries his eyes and itinerary along with him."—*Alcott*

Seen: with Joyce and Carolyn, New York
Talks about: trip to Europe
Ambition: to be 5' 2"
Remembered for: rising at 5:30 a.m., English car, ability in sports, college week-ends

Captain of Green Team, '53; Representative to A.A., '52; Varsity Hockey, '51, '52, '53; Varsity Basketball, '51, '52, '53; Varsity Softball, '51, '52; Cheerleader, '51, '52, '53; Glee Club, '51, '52, '53; S.C.E.W., '53; Senior Play, '53; Four Schools' Concert, '51, '52; Captions Committee for *Yearbook*, '53

SUSANNE RAINES 1938-1939, 1943-1953

262 President Avenue
Providence 6, Rhode Island

"Happy am I, from care I'm free,
Why aren't they all contented like me?"—*Unknown*

Seen: wrapped in Brown scarf, sitting in library
Talks about: her arguments over use of car
Ambition: to be a Salem witch
Remembered for: sports, horse-laugh, yummy lunches, *Time* test medals

Secretary of S.C.E.W., '53; Freshman Class Vice-President, '50; Representative to Cooperative Government, '51; Representative to Judicial Board, '52; S.C.E.W., Chairman of Provins Committee, '52; Varsity Hockey, '52, '53; Varsity Basketball, '51, '52, '53; Varsity Softball, '52; Varsity Tennis, '53; J. V. Softball, '51; *Good Housekeeping*, '51; *Patience*, '52; Cheerleader, '52, '53; Glee Club, '52, '53; Chorus, '50, '51; Dramatic Club, '52; S.C.E.W., '51; Junior Alliance Française, '52; Senior Play, '53; Freshman Plays, '50; Four Schools' Concert, '50; History Committee for *Yearbook*, '53.

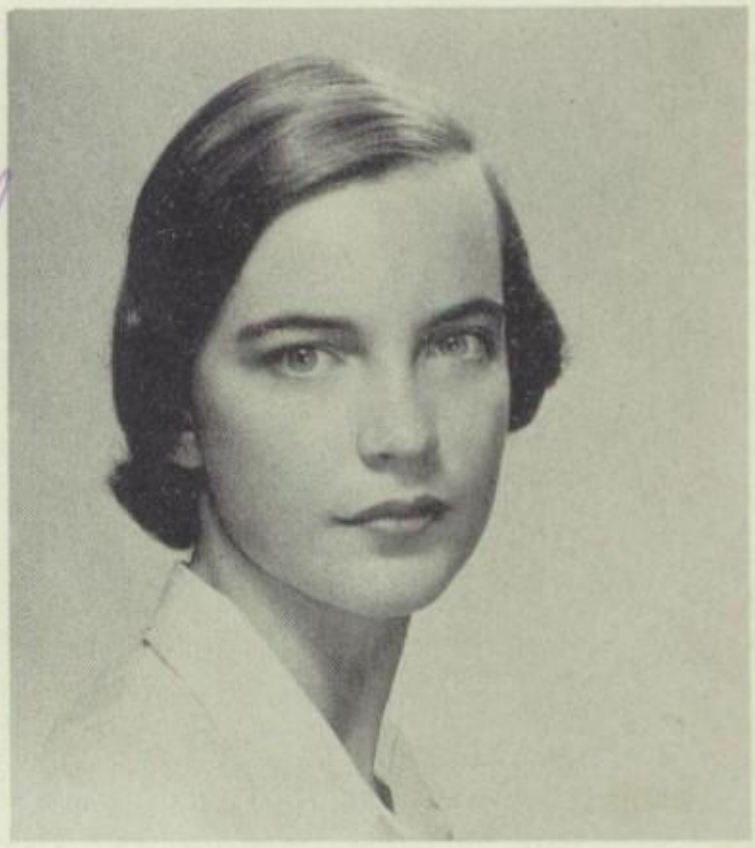
CAROLYN ANNE RISON 1944-1953

56 President Avenue
Providence 6, Rhode Island

"Beauty lives with kindness."—*Shakespeare*

Seen: with Sandy and Joyce
Talks about: summer job
Ambition: to spend her holidays at "Skytop"
Remembered for: weak ankles, pink slicker, history whiz, briefcase

Glee Club, '53; Chorus, '51, '52, '53; Junior Alliance Française, '51, '52, '53; Senior Play, '53; Freshman Plays, '50; Four Schools' Concert, '50, '52; History Committee for *Yearbook*, '53.



Dear Jane,
Love, luck, + best wishes for Wellesley if you'd
care to see you at Holyoke —
Carolyn

CAROLYN RUTH SAWYER 1947-1953

36 Fort Avenue
Edgewood 5, Rhode Island

"Your wisdom is consumed in confidence."—*Shakespeare*

Seen: driving to and from Edgewood, slaving over *Lincoln Green*
Talks about: knitting, Martha's Vineyard, Cuttyhunk
Ambition: never to be reminded of her intelligence
Remembered for: being a modified genius, clothes, eyes, neat hair-do

Editor-in-Chief of *Lincoln Green*, '53; Representative to *Lincoln Green*, '50; *Patience*, '52; Moses Brown Christmas Play, '51; Step-Singing Committee, '52; S.C.E.W., '52; Dramatic Club, '53; Junior Alliance Française, '52, '53; Senior Play, '53; Freshman Plays, '50.

SARA SYLVIA SHOOP 1949-1953

Highover Farm
RD #1, Mechanicsburg, Pa.

"Then Westward—ho!"—*Shakespeare*

Seen: in 'phone booth, arguing in History Class
Talks about: cowboys or Indians, vacation, baby sister
Ambition: to own a pair of seven league boots
Remembered for: Tea Dance committees, cheese festival, barley lollipops, '56 beanie, heavy reading

Representative to *Lincoln Green*, '52, '53; Varsity Hockey, '52; Chairman, Spring Tea Dance, '52; *Good Housekeeping*, '51; Tea Dance Committee, '50, '52, '53; Chorus, '50; S.C.E.W., '51; Junior Alliance Française, '51, '52, '53; Senior Play, '53; Freshman Plays, '50; Special Features Committee for *Yearbook*, '53; Graduation Dress Committee, '53.

To a very sweet girl - worlds of luck next year at Wellesley. Love, Marjie

MARJORIE ALICE SHORE 1945-1953

7 Harwich Road
Providence 6, Rhode Island

"The beginning of health is sleep."—*Irish*

Seen: out on a date, playing "Tea for Two" with Sue.
Talks about: episode with Joan Fontaine, California
Ambition: to get enough sleep
Remembered for: tall tales, exploding laugh, extensive vocabulary, busy week-ends, "It's so humiliating!"

Representative to Cooperative Government, '50; Chairman of History Committee for *Yearbook*, '53; Tea Dance Committee, '51; Chorus, '50, '51, '52; Dramatic Club, '53; S.C.E.W., '51, '52; Junior Alliance Française, '52; Senior Play, '53; Freshman Plays, '50.

ELIZABETH WILTON SLACK 1951-1953

Brewster
Massachusetts

"Laugh and the world laughs with you."—*Wilcox*

Seen: trying on hats, beating up Lois, impersonating Dude Boy
Talks about: laughing—not talking
Ambition: to keep third floor quiet
Remembered for: painting Kewpie doll, lemon soap, missing the waste basket, mild case of myopia

President of Resident Government, '53; Representative to Resident Government, '52; Resident Representative to *Lincoln Green*, '53; *Patience*, '52; Step-Singing Committee, '53; Glee Club, '52, '53; Senior Play, '53; Captions Committee for *Yearbook*, '53.

JOYCE MEREDITH SPROUL 1947-1953

55 Grandview Avenue
Saylesville, Rhode Island

"The heart is its own fate."—*Bailey*

Seen: with Bob, biting her fingernails, "hacking" with Sylvia
Talks about: Mexico, Wavus
Ambition: to have long fingernails
Remembered for: no lipstick, controversies with "Chasey", her reading machine

Glee Club, '51, '52, '53; Chorus, '50; Senior Play, '53; Freshman Plays, '50; Four Schools' Concert, '51, '52; Prophecy Committee for *Yearbook*, '53.

BEVERLY JANE STEERE 1949-1953

Douglas Hook Road
R. F. D. #1
Chepachet, Rhode Island

"Let us remember that justice must be observed even to the lowest."—*Cicero*

Seen: posting notices, picking up afghans and fountain pens
Talks about: the weather, a quiet study hall
Ambition: to find *that* salesman at Axelrod's
Remembered for: Proctor and Gamble's, "more bounce to the ounce," "See that car over there," multi-colored lollipops, record library

President of Cooperative Government, '53; Junior Class President, '52; Secretary of Resident Government, '51; *Patience*, '52; Glee Club, '51, '52, '53; Chorus, '50; S.C.E.W., '50; Senior Play, '53; Freshman Plays, '50; Four Schools' Concert, '50, '51.

ELIZABETH PERRIN STREIT 1948-1953

151 Mathewson Road
Barrington, Rhode Island

"Why should the devil have all the good times?"—*Hill*

Seen: in the gym, driving her jeep, playing the uke, skiing
Talks about: Out West, Milton, fabulous Barrington parties
Ambition: to be a bronco-buster
Remembered for: prowess as athlete, shrimp cocktail for lunch, artistic theme pads, "blue" Lincoln skirt

President of Athletic Association, '53; Representative to A.A., '50; Varsity Hockey, '52, '53; Varsity Basketball, '50, '51, '52, '53; Varsity Tennis, '53; Varsity Softball, '50, '51, '52; J. V. Hockey, '50, '51; Step-Singing Committee, '52; Cheerleader, '53; Initiation Committee, '53; Glee Club, '51, '52, '53; Chorus, '50; S.C.E.W., '51; Junior Alliance Française, '52, '53; Senior Play, '53; Freshman Plays, '50; Four Schools' Concert, '52; Class Gifts Committee, '53.

ELIZABETH ABBOTT WASHBURN 1946-1953

414 Love Lane
East Greenwich, Rhode Island

"Science is vastly more stimulating to the imagination than are the classics."—*Haldane*

Seen: practicing the piano, working backstage lights
Talks about: eating ice, doing something "profitable"
Ambition: to complete her textbook library
Remembered for: "incomplete (!) physiology notes," big eyes, clown pajamas, candid shots of Faculty, closet full of food

Representative to Resident Government, '53; *Patience*, '52; Cheerleader, '51; Glee Club, '52, '53; Chorus, '50, '51; S.C.E.W., '50, '51, '52, '53; Junior Alliance Française, '51, '52, '53; Senior Play, '53; Freshman Plays, '50; Four Schools' Concert, '52; History Committee for *Yearbook*, '53.

Dear Janey, Thanks to all my family and you for everything. I couldn't have had a better year. Probably the best year of the college for me. Love, Betsy.

MARGERY FARGO WATTS 1949-1953

25 Woodland Road
Barrington, Rhode Island

"Nothing great was ever achieved without (enthusiasm)."
—*Hegel*

Seen: in the studio, judging Dance-Club tryouts, decorating for a tea dance
Talks about: Saunderstown, bunnies, her brother
Ambition: to guard her lunch from voracious Seniors
Remembered for: curly hair, all-year-round tan, good lunches, artistic ability

Secretary of Senior Class, '53; President of Dance Club, '53; President of Chorus, '52; Sophomore Class Secretary; '51; Art Editor of *Lincoln Green*, '53; Vice-President of Dance Club, '52; Chairman of Special Features Committee for *Yearbook*, '53; *Patience*, '52; Tea Dance Committee, '50, '51, '52, '53; S.C.E.W., '51, '53; Glee Club, '53; Chorus, '50, '52; Dance Club, '51, '52, '53; Junior Alliance Française, '52, '53; Senior Play, '53; Freshman Plays. '50; Class Gifts Committee, '53.

HANNAH MARACE WHITTEN 1951-1953

East Vassalboro
Maine

"Her voice was ever soft, gentle, and low, an excellent thing in woman."—*Shakespeare*

Seen: throwing water, falling for a story
Talks about: Kirbromit, Maine
Ambition: to get the best of Lois
Remembered for: curly hair, knee socks, brilliant contributions in English Class, her brother, loud scream

Junior Class Vice-President, '52; *Patience*, '52; Senior Play, '53.

MEREDITH CAROLINE WINTER 1952-1953

2751 Post Road
Greenwood, Rhode Island

As merry as the day is long."—*Shakespeare*

Seen: arriving and departing, taking sit-ups
Talks about: the "Nomad", her fabulous adventures
Ambition: to fill out a college application correctly!
Remembered for: dimples, red nightgown, studying Spanish with Moo, picture-littered bureau, bolli-lollipops

Chairman of Christmas Tea Dance Committee, '53; Treasurer of Sylt Committee, '53; J. V. Hockey, '53; Senior Play, '53; Chairman of Step-Singing Committee, '53

CARLA WILLIAMS WRIGHT 1948-1953

66 Ridge Street
Pawtucket, Rhode Island

"A living dog is better than a dead lion."—*Ecclesiastes*

Seen: Knitting argyles, looking for head (Lion's, that is!), passing out pretzels
Talks about: her dog, Bowdoin, next-door neighbor
Ambition: for everyone to be prompt at Glee Club
Remembered for: superb portrayal of character parts in class plays, food containers, descriptive anecdotes

President of Glee Club, '53; Step-Singing Committee, '52; Glee Club, '51, '52, '53; Chorus, '50; Orchestra, '51, '52; Senior Play, '53; Freshman Plays, '50; Four Schools' Concert, '50, '51, '52; Captions Committee for *Yearbook*, '53.

SYLVIA ZWEIFEL 1947-1953

1502 Goddard Avenue
Louisville 6, Kentucky

"Every inch a girl."—*Unknown*

Seen: in front of a mirror, cringing from Dude Boy
Talks about: hunky-dory galoshes, basketball players
Ambition: to conduct Hallelujah Chorus
Remembered for: 'phone calls from Louisville, laughing fits, writing on everything, "What can I wear?", fear of snakes

Vice-President of Resident Government, '52; Chairman of Sylt Committee, '53; Representative to Resident Government, '51; *Patience*, '52; Glee Club, '52, '53; Chorus, '50, '51; Senior Play, '53; Freshman Plays, '50; Four Schools' Concert, '50; Prophecy Committee for *Yearbook*, '53.

THE LINCOLN DAISY

A daisy—
Symbol of love
In bucolic beauty,
It gives to graduation
A bit of happiness to permeate
The solemnity of this day.

DEBORAH JONES, '53

THE CLASS OF 1954

THE CLASS OF 1955

THE CLASS OF 1956

Fabulous 1953

Orient—Stars
Christine

Mexico
Joyce S.

GERM WARFARE
Debby

Penny
GAIETY

Dramatic True Stories
Margie

A long-lost photograph
Sue G.

keeper
of the peace
Miss McGrath

Kentucky Hospitality
Sylvia

A whole
Company of
Marines
Barbara

Big Favorite
Liz

Just for Fun!
Hannah

funny?
Sue L.

don't be vague...
Diana

LET'S EAT!
Elaine

AT HOME ANYWHERE
Merry

worries
are over!
Miss Cole

I get all the sleep I need!
Nancy C.

Open one pack at a time
Judy

"MAGIC·MOTION"
Beth

MY ISLAND
HOME
Olive

BEAUTY COMBINED WITH BRAINS.
Carolyn S.

My heart's in the Highlands
Jane C.

CHEWING IS MY
FAVORITE EXERCISE!
Betsy S.

What's in the
Stars for You!
The Class

Dependable
Emma

FOSTER SURPRISES
Sally

PAGE BOY
Ina

fine tradition
Senior Room

TIME
Sue R.

You're in
good hands
Moo

You'll star in
this theatre
Adelle

I am a
Camera
Betsy W.

Profile of a Cultivated Person
Edie

The
LIONS ROAR
Carla

NICE TO BE NEAR
Carolyn R.

THE FAVORITE IN YOUR GLASSES
Jani G.

SPORT
Sandy

Honest, I'm not much trouble...
Jesse

PAL
Emmy

PERFECT ANGEL
Joy

Looking
for
Something?
Lois

If your heart
belongs to Daddy...
Jane G.

It's a matter of Opinion...
Jan

So good for children—
Briggsey

DOTING
Nancy L.

Favorite of every Party
Merce

PEP
Lee

TALK
ABOUT A GRAND
AND GLORIOUS EVENING!
Chasey

To the men who are yet to come... ?

The Senior Class
of Lincoln School

Presents

ANDROCLES and the LION

By George Bernard Shaw

NOVEMBER 21, 1952
at 8:00 P.M.
Tickets 75c, Tax Included

ANDROCLES AND THE LION

By GEORGE BERNARD SHAW

CAST OF CHARACTERS
(In Order of Appearance)

LION ..... CARLA WRIGHT
ANDROCLES ..... BARBARA BENSON
MEGAERA ..... JANET LAING
CENTURION ..... EMILY LYNCH
CHRISTIANS ..... SYLVIA ZWEIFEL
MARJORIE SHORE PENNY WATTS
SUSANNE RAINES MEREDITH WINTER
LAVINIA ..... CAROLYN BRIGGS
SOLDIERS ..... SUSAN GOFF
JUDITH JOHNSON
CAPTAIN ..... JANE CHISHOLM
LENTULUS ..... JOYCE SPROUL
METELLUS ..... SALLY SHOOP
FERROVIUS ..... ELIZABETH SLACK
SPINTHO ..... ELAINE MORRISSE
OX DRIVER ..... LEE NEWTH
CALL BOY ..... CAROLYN CHASE
EDITOR ..... LOIS BROWN
MENAGERIE KEEPER ..... BEVERLY STEERE
CAESAR ..... ADELLE ALBA
SECUTOR ..... DIANA BIDDEN
RETIARIUS ..... BETH JAMES
SLAVE ..... EDITH GROSSMAN

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

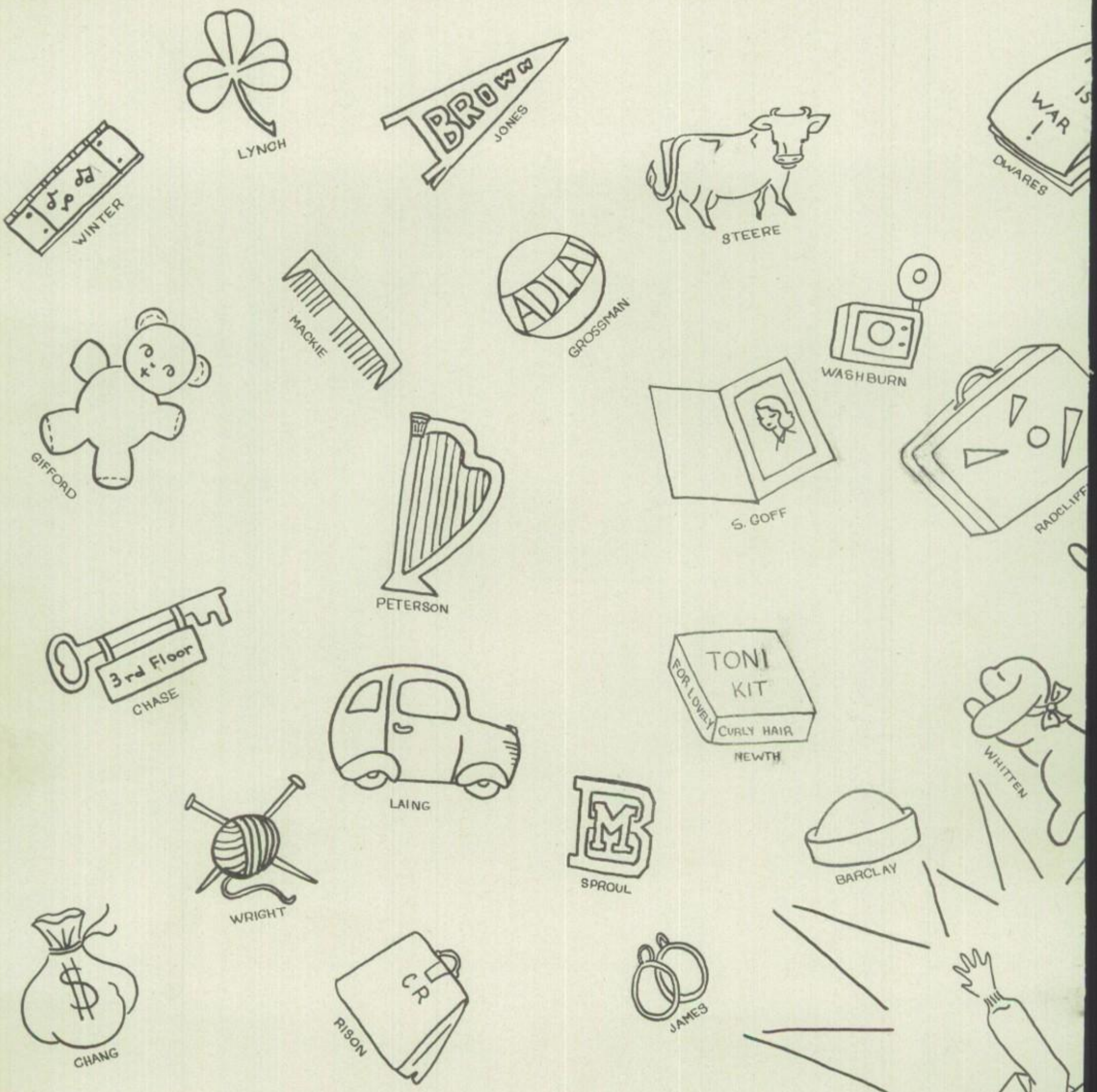
Direction

MISS CATHERINE M. SHEA

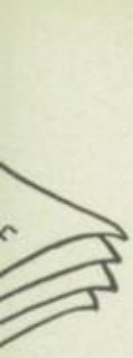
Scenery and Costumes

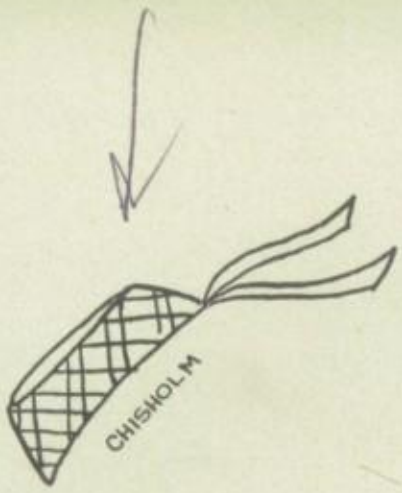
MISS VIOLET GAGNON AND MRS. RUSSELL SANTORO

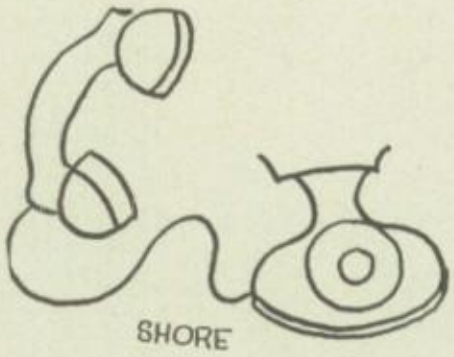
ME

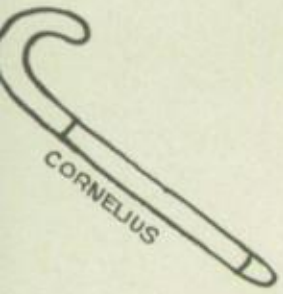


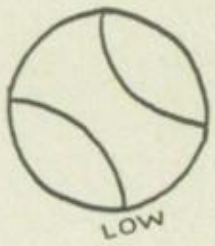
On searching through the pound one day,
I chanced upon a strange array
Of articles, once lost — now found,
All cluttering up the Lincoln Pound;

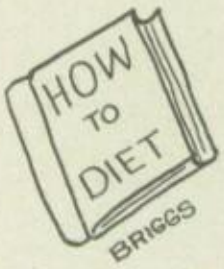


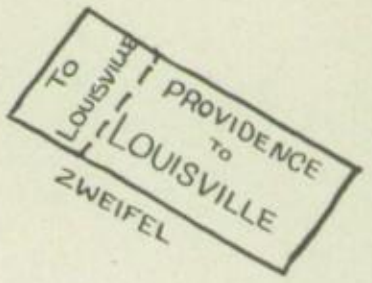


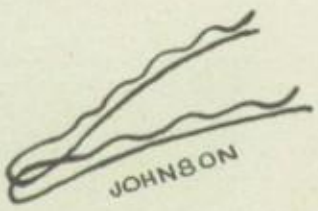


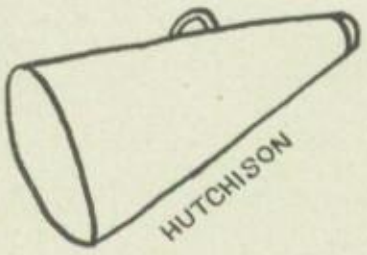


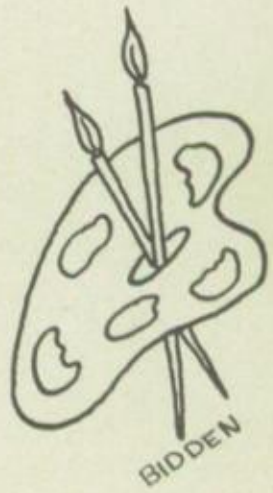


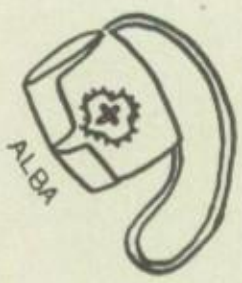


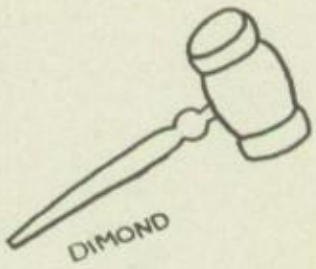


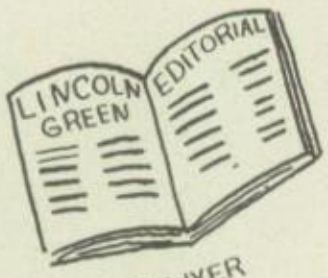


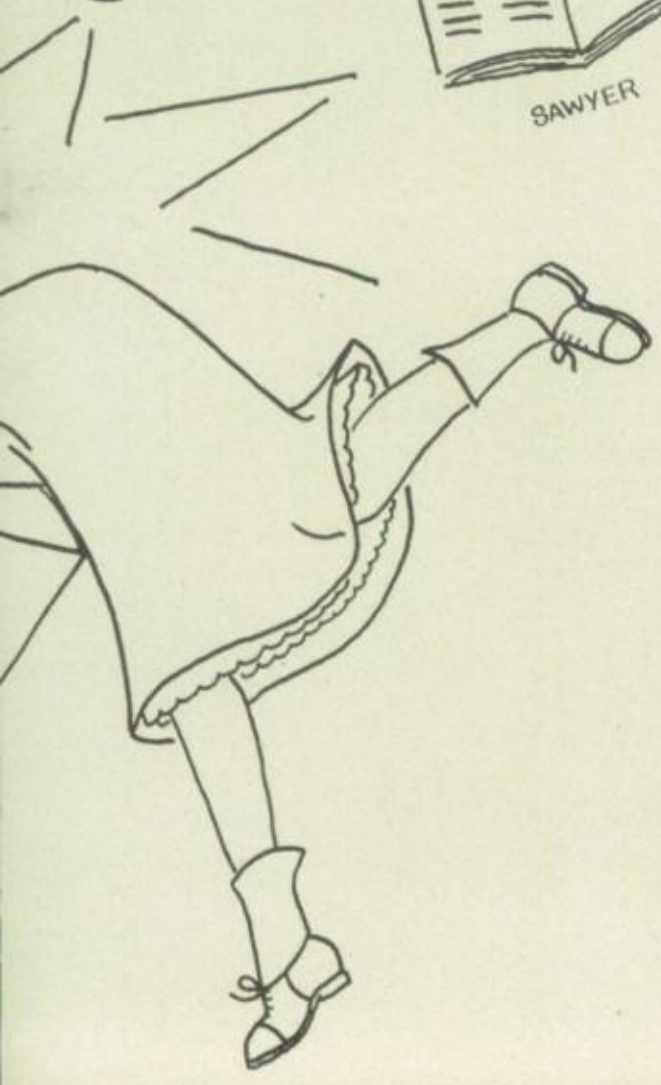


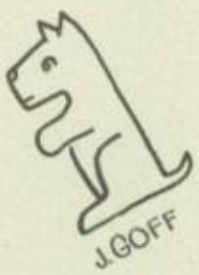




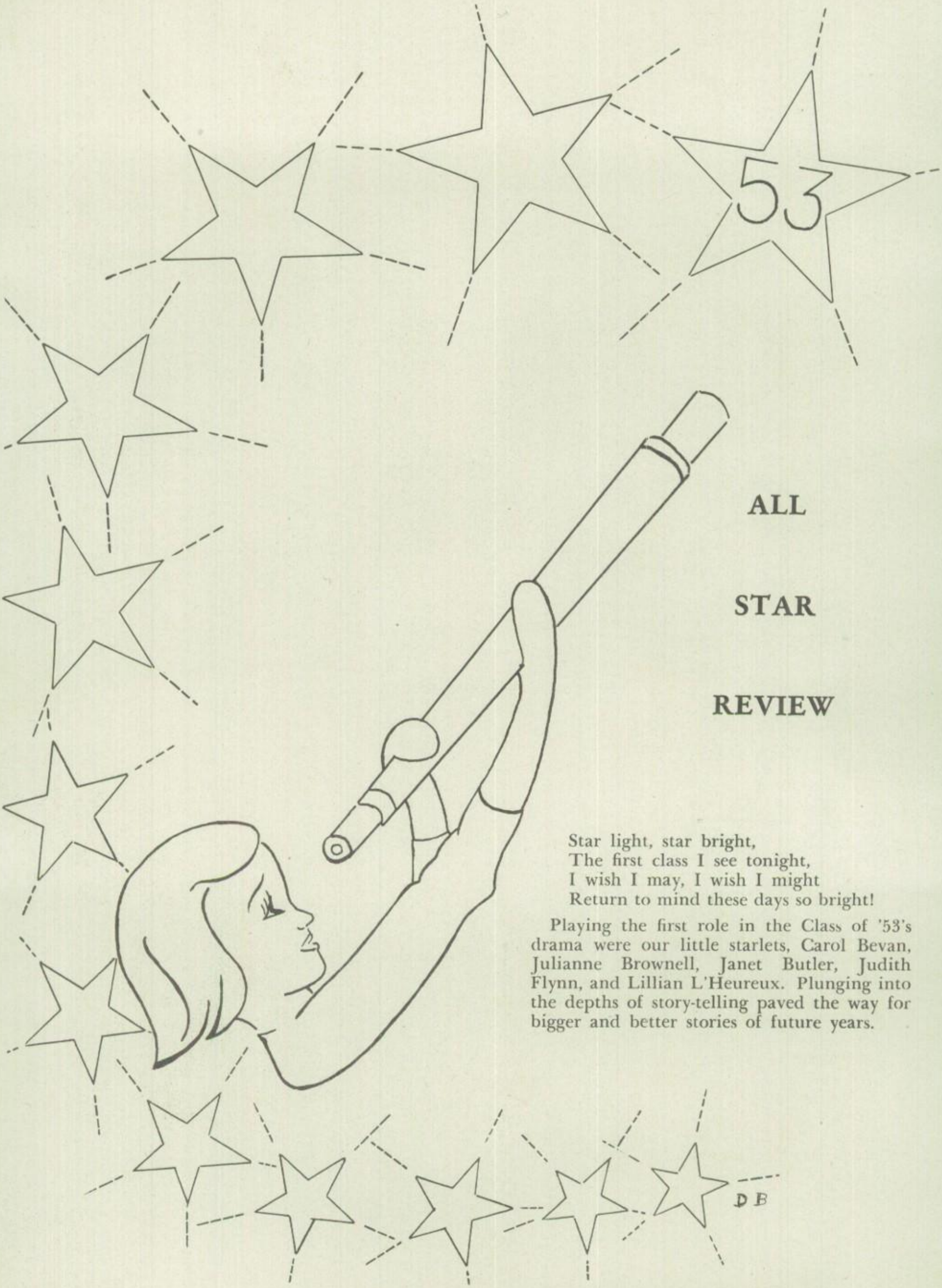








And as I dug, it seemed to me
They all belonged to '53.
So, please look carefully and claim
The article above your name!



ALL STAR REVIEW

Star light, star bright,
The first class I see tonight,
I wish I may, I wish I might
Return to mind these days so bright!

Playing the first role in the Class of '53's drama were our little starlets, Carol Bevan, Julianne Brownell, Janet Butler, Judith Flynn, and Lillian L'Heureux. Plunging into the depths of story-telling paved the way for bigger and better stories of future years.

D B

Joining stars are now in view,
Two in number—still quite new.

In the second grade, the stage was set for Carol and Mary to begin their careers as potential nurses after visiting Dr. Reid at the Rhode Island Hospital. Will our prophecies come true?

The "Big Dipper" has its start
With seven starlets taking part.

Joining the first two stars in our "Big Dipper" were Jeannette Calif, Judy Fain, Sue Raines, Mary Reid, and Nancy Reid. What a wide range there was between learning the customs of cavemen and learning to make candles; nevertheless, we were on the road to becoming great anthropologists, as well as domestic women.

Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
We saw Egypt near and far.

Coming to our realm were Carolyn Rison and Barbara Benson, fortunate enough to enter just as Egypt became our classroom. How well we picture Miss Saunders as Queen Nefertiti, sitting majestically on her throne next to the blackboard and ruling us, her subjects. In contrast, polywogs monopolized the other half of our existence.

Gleaming stars we soon became
As with our soap we rose to fame.

Our study of Colonial America was the background for our output of hand-made soap; however, our dubious mothers, unaware of our astonishing talents, tactfully threw out the product. Screen painting was entertaining to us, particularly to the newcomers—Margie Shore, Sue Low, Sandra Stone, and Ann Greenhalgh. Alas, we lost Carol Bevan and Jeannette Calif from our little galaxy that year.

Shooting stars then streamed in fast;
Many of them remained 'til the last.

The newcomers were Lois Brown, Molly Chafee, Jane Goff, Mercedes Hutchison, Debbie Jones, Alice Read, Susan Richards, Margarite Vastano, and Betsy Washburn. Indeed the world of science made its startling impression on us, for . . . behold! We dissected a frog and wallowed through nature walks in the ravine. Even in the field of decorum, science inflicted its lasting influence over us. Two major contestants, the "Butterflies" and "Caterpillars", split our class in two. Each team received valuable points for good behavior and admirable conduct. Besides being scientists, we proved competition for Addison and Steele with the publication of our annual newspaper. Our dramatic talents unfolded as we starred in Christmas Vespers. The following meteors burned out: Nancy Reid, Mary Reid, and Sandra Stone.

All the stars throughout the sky
Looked down. Behold! . . . Junior High!

Reaching the upper atmosphere of Junior High School, the completion of Lower School made us feel as if we were literally walking on air. What a busy year! A successful spelling bee with Moses Brown heightened our superior attitude over the opposite sex. We anticipated our first long midyear exams. Many of us came to the conclusion, for the first time, that "Ignorance is not bliss!" As for the science final, Debbie fainted when she saw it and had to be carried out. During this year, we had a wonderful time exploring every nook and corner of the *Journal* Building. And, surely, no one has forgotten our presentations of "The Necklace" and "Little Women," directed ably by Mrs. Grisley. New members of our stellar system were Carolyn Briggs, Carolyn Chase, Leslie Copson, Ina Dwares, Jane Gifford, Susan Goff, Judith Jones, Sandra Lazarus, Carolyn Sawyer, Joyce Sproul, Anne Stronach, and Sylvia Zweifel. Sorry we were to lose starlets Alice Read, Judy Fain, and Sue Richards.

Adolescent stars were we—
"Sophisticated" and carefree.

Politics entered our young minds in the form of the 1948 elections, during which our class overwhelmingly elected Dewey. Thrusting ourselves into the political world, under the jurisdiction of Miss Eddy, we made a trip to the State House and later engaged in many vehement debates. Entering our political stronghold that year were Adelle Alba, Lena Bhatt, Judy Campbell, Janet Laing, Sarah Greene, Justine Mackie, Betsy Streit, and Carla Wright. Janet Butler shifted her orbit to Princeton.

The path was set for future heights
As high school soon meant studying nights.

"We like the wide open spaces" was our motto as we rushed headlong into Upper School and its myriad activities. However, we were promptly put into our places under the stress of freshman initiation. Were our

Big Sisters really sisterly? As the year progressed, however, they showed their faithfulness to us by making our freshman year a success. Outstanding events were our Freshman Plays, in which Janet Laing and Sally Shoop had major parts, tea dances (our first ones, too!), and of course, our most beneficial addition—Miss McGrath, as our Class Advisor. The sight of Justine's house left in shambles and particularly the glimpse of Sue Low, dissecting Justine's bicycle, will always be symbolic of a wonderful spring picnic. And who will ever forget Carla, the official rower of the day? New faces were Olive Barclay, Diana Bidden, Emma Dimond, Nancy Legare, Lee Newth, Alexandra Quandt, Sally Shoop, Patricia Sloan, Beverly Steere, Joy Totah, and Penny Watts, while Anne Stronach, Lena Bhatt, Leslie Copson, and Judy Jones disappeared into the realms of outer space.

In coming years, which number three,
Commencement is our destiny.

Forty-one pairs of twinkling, starry eyes wandered throughout big Study Hall. Were we actually, now, part of that large universe? The full realization came as soon as many of us took jobs as proctors. Again, some of us showed the world our stellar potentialities in the play, "Good Housekeeping," which was presented with Moses Brown. We loved our spring picnic at Beverly's house, even if our ensuing skin tribulations manifested an overdose of sun on Beverly's lovely lawn. Sidereal offshoots from our Sophomore galaxy were: Margarite Vastano, Sandra Lazarus, Judy Campbell, and Nancy Cornelius, but we now numbered Joy Peterson, Sandra Radcliffe, Edith Grossman, and an extra-special addition from far-off Formosa, Christine Chang.

As Junior stars at Lincoln School
Each hour brought nearer Senior rule.

Never had we prophesied the sparkling versatility and gleaming business acumen we developed in our Junior year. Proudly we exhibited our new class rings; we sharpened our glimmering wits on the May Scholastic Aptitudes, for college was now less than a million light years away! Sue Low's class party was a grand impromptu occasion, we thought. A wonderful picnic assembled the Juniors and Seniors in the country. We demonstrated our wit at step-singing with our theme as "rain," and our first prom will forever remain a starry spot in our memories. Shooting stars who did not follow our course into Senior Paradise were Ann Greenhalgh, Molly Chafee, Sarah Greene, Patricia Sloan, Joy Totah, and Alex Quandt. However, our newest stars were Nancy Cornelius, Jane Chisholm, Beth James, Emily Lynch, Elaine Morrisse, Elizabeth Slack, Hannah Whitten, and Judith Johnson.

Star light, star bright,
The last class I see tonight;
When wishing on our star, you'll see
The Class of 1953.

Upholding Lincoln's tradition, our Senior year was the "biggest and the best"! We both began and ended the year in— (you've guessed it!) —the Senior Room. Although there were no omissions, one late-arrival was attracted to our Senior Galaxy, a star named Meredith Winter. Leaving a wonderful impression on the school critics, who issued "roaring" comments, we presented our Senior Play. The stars gleamed everywhere that night, but special mention goes to Barbara Benson and Carla Wright, better known to the audience as "Androcles" and the "Lion". Following this production, we starred in our last Christmas Vespers. New Year's came and shooting stars suddenly shot across our Twelfth Magnitude Universe—the Password: "Yearbook." Photographers, statisticians, writers, committees—everyone shot in all directions to make our *Yearbook* one the Universe will never forget. We received our marks for the peace essays we wrote for history, and once again, we considered ourselves to be the "poor-man's politicians." Taking the College Board exams augmented our anxiety about college; perhaps a year from now we can look back through the eons between college and prep-school and shake with Olympian laughter. Meanwhile, the class received two lovely invitations: One was from Miss Cole, inviting us to a tea at school; the other, from Emma, our President, inviting us to a buffet dinner at her home. Finally, we approached the culmination of all our years at Lincoln, Commencement. Including our choice of gowns and the hope for nice weather, Commencement meant practice for the occasion, Class Day, the actual receiving of our diplomas, and —parting sentimentality. Our Prom made its lasting impression on us as our final farewell. It's no wonder that we shall forever be starry-eyed when remembering our days at Lincoln.

M. Shore, *Chairman*
N. Cornelius
S. Low
S. Raines
C. Rison
B. Washburn

1953
ME

THE LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT

We, the Class of '53.
Present this will, as you can see.
The reason is, you probably know—
We can't take it with us when we go.

Carolyn Briggs leaves her quiet voice
To Senior Class meetings, "Please, less noise!"

From Gifford, Jane, go to Judy Greene—
Her trusty crutches on which to lean.

To Patty G. from a Grossman named "Ede"
A Stevenson button to use when in need.

A rhythmic "hula" from Beth James
Goes to anyone with Dance Club aims.

Corny leaves her house so near,
To "C 68," for her Senior year.

A worn green skirt, all shiny and nice,
Is left by Judy, "For sale, any price!"

Jani Goff leaves her tiny feet
To Betsy Arnold, whose ain't so petite!

"Puddles" and Bill are left by Jan
To anyone needing a car and a man.

With her capacity for making a racket,
Mackie leaves Stratton her hunting jacket.

Morrisse leaves her library chair,
In hopes that Timmie will treat it with care.

Adelle Alba leaves her role as Caesar
To Miss MacDougall; we know it will please her.

Emma leaves her lock of yellow
For Linda McAdams, to charm a fellow.

Barbara leaves to the '54 Class
Her little blue car and a gallon of gas.

Margie bequeaths her part in the middle
To any poor Junior, whose part is a riddle.

Carolyn leaves her brains so "fab"
For study in the Biology Lab.

Christine bequeaths her writings keen
To Janie Wilson, to fill *Lincoln Green.*

Sandy leaves her commuter's fare
To Sally Harrison to keep in her care.

Sue Goff leaves her witty remarks
To another Sue, by the name of Parks.

Debby Jones leaves her virus bug
To *Miss McGrath,* to grow in a jug.

Diana adds her flowing locks
To Bette Walsh's close-cut shocks.

Carolyn Chase leaves her book of blues
To the Third Floor Boarders, which, I'm sure, they can use.

Hutchison leaves her arrivals late
To June, who hits school by a quarter of eight.

Sue Low bequeaths her basketball
To anyone who likes to fall.

Carla bequeaths to Mrs. Lynes,
Knitting needles for Sylt, all colors and kinds.

Penny leaves her tea dance decorations
To help Lee Harrall with next year's preparations.

The State of Maine, leaves Olive B.,
To the comely Sophomore, named Ann C.

To Amy Godfrey, who seems so small,
Our Emily leaves her stature tall.

Frankie receives with great delight,
Ina's warm smile and eyes so bright.

Betsy Streit leaves her jeep, a "Willy",
For Sue Richards to drive where it's flat, not hilly.

Joyce leaves her love of outside reading
To William Thackeray's care and feeding.

Carolyn Rison bequeaths to Miss Gavitt
Her typewriter, for, she'll gladly have it.

Sue Raines leaves the "L's" on her shorts
To Jane Kramer for her pretense at sports.

To Sister Fran by Senior Jane
Is left her curly auburn mane.

Lois Brown leaves her nose for news
For the Associated Press to use.

Sally Shoop leaves her book list long
For the Harvard Film watchers who've been reading all wrong.

To Julie Curtis, leaves Star-boarder Slack,
An old Georgia banner—"Don't use a Tack!"

From Moo to Wendy, go sweaters bright
To knit in Vespers on Sunday night.

Hannah leaves to Lincoln School
Her woofie Kirbromit, who won't break a rule.

Merrie Winter leaves her scarf green and white
To Emily Milliken—she's doing all right.

To Barton, a microscope leaves Betsy
To look at flies—both common and Tsetse.

Sylvia leaves Louisville to Mrs. G.;
It ends the Cumberland Gap Road, you see!

Joyce leaves her harp with dulcet tone
To the Orchestra.—It's a gift, not a loan.

Lee leaves her laugh, infectious and gay;
It's received with surprise by a Rogers named Faye.

Nancy Legare leaves her sister to Lincoln;
"She's not very old, but she's growing, I'm thinking."

We bequeath to Miss Cole,
As have classes before,
Our undying thanks
As we leave Lincoln's door.

To Miss McGrath,
Who never glowers
In our class meetings,
We leave these flowers.

We've ended the will;
We've set the seal;
We've scattered possessions
With the greatest of zeal.

And now, on June fourth,
Of '53,
We've affixed our names,
SO SHALL IT BE.

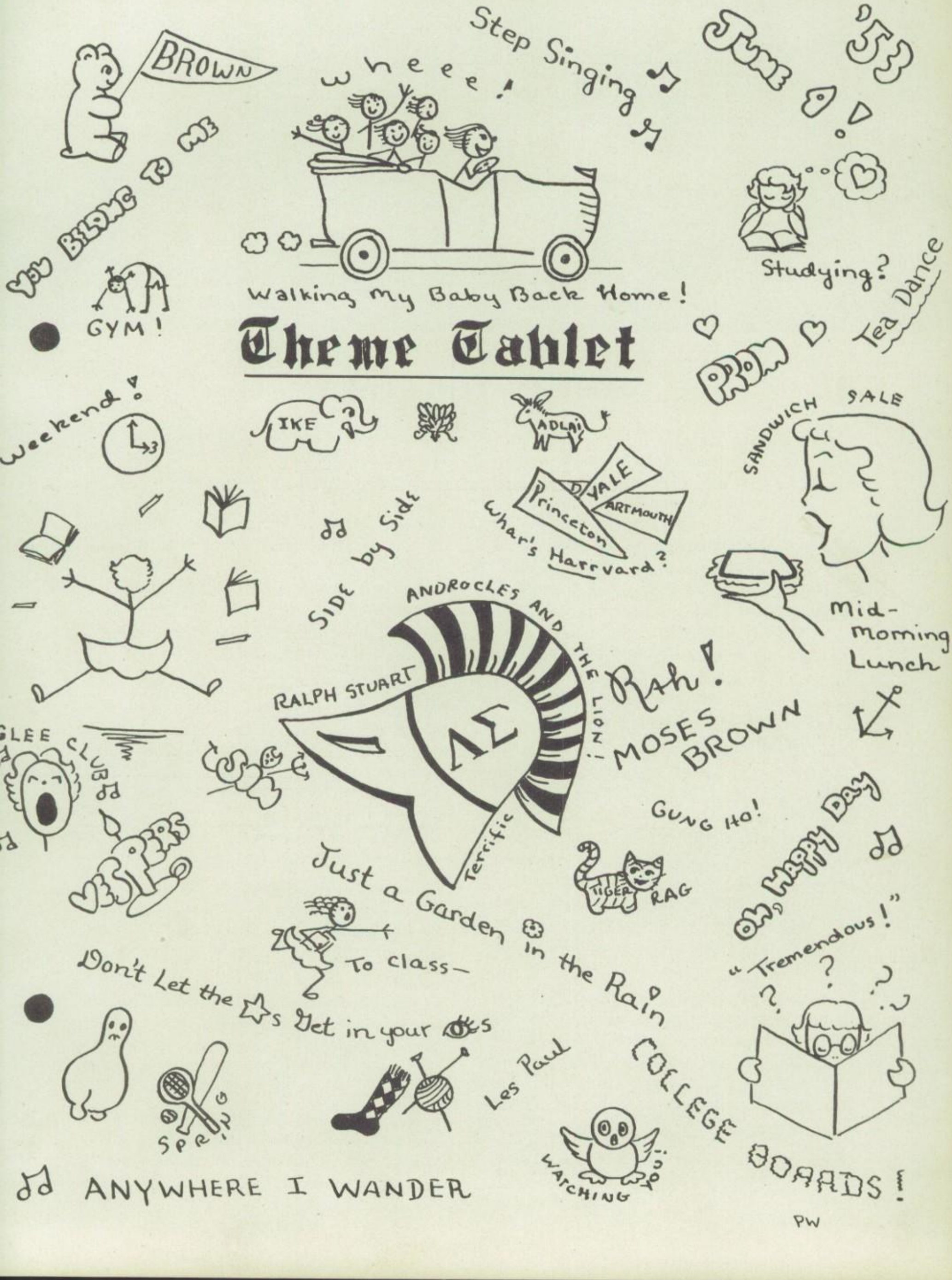
JANE CHISHOLM, *Chairman*
DEBBIE JONES
BETSY STREIT
JANET LAING
BETH JAMES
JUDITH JOHNSON

S O S

Songs of Seniors

ADELLE ALBA ..... "There's No Business Like Show Business"
OLIVE BARCLAY ..... "Anchors A-Weigh"
BARBARA BENSON ..... "It's a Lonesome Old Town"
DIANA BIDDEN ..... "I'm Beginning to See the Light"
CAROLYN BRIGGS ..... "Whispering"
LOIS BROWN ..... "California, Here I Come"
CHRISTINE CHANG ..... "Far-away Places"
CAROLYN CHASE ..... "In the Good Old Summertime"
JANE CHISHOLM ..... "As Long As There's Music"
NANCY CORNELIUS ..... "Come On-a My House"
EMMA DIMOND ..... "Sleepy Time Gal"
INA DWARES ..... "Quiet Girl"
JANE GIFFORD ..... "Cock-eyed Optimist"
JANE GOFF ..... "Crazy over Horses"
SUSAN GOFF ..... "If You Knew Susie"
EDIE GROSSMAN ..... "Some Day My Prince Will Come"
MERCEDES HUTCHISON ..... "Sophisticated Lady"
BETH JAMES ..... "Ain't Misbehavin' "
JUDY JOHNSON ..... "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes"
DEBBIE JONES ..... "Just My Bill"
JAN LAING ..... "Feudin', Fussin', and Fightin' "
NANCY LEGARE ..... "I Dream Too Much"
SUSAN LOW ..... "I Didn't Slip, I Wasn't Pushed, I Fell"
EMILY LYNCH ..... "When Irish Eyes Are Smiling"
JUSTINE MACKIE ..... "Bewitched, Bothered, and Bewildered"
ELAINE MORRISSE ..... "Dark Eyes"
LEE NEWTH ..... "Rhode Island Redhead"
JOYCE PETERSON ..... "Music, Maestro, Please"
SANDY RADCLIFFE ..... "The Last Time I Saw Paris"
SUSANNE RAINES ..... "When You're Smiling"
CAROLYN RISON ..... "Keep It a Secret"
CAROLYN SAWYER ..... "Lovely to Look At"
SALLY SHOOP ..... "I Like the Wide Open Spaces"
MARGIE SHORE ..... "Did You Ever See a Dream Walking?"
LIZ SLACK ..... "Happy Talk"
JOYCE SPROUL ..... "Love Somebody"
BEVERLY STEERE ..... "How Ya Gonna Keep 'Em Down on the Farm?"
BETSY STREIT ..... "Why, Oh Why, Did I Ever Leave Wyoming?"
BETSY WASHBURN ..... "There's Been a Change in Me"
PENNY WATTS ..... Something to Dance About"
HANNAH WHITTEN ..... "Pretty Baby"
MERRIE WINTER ..... "Daddy's Little Girl"
CARLA WRIGHT ..... "Sitting with Her Knitting"
SYLVIA ZWEIFEL ..... "Kentucky Babe"

Theme Tablet



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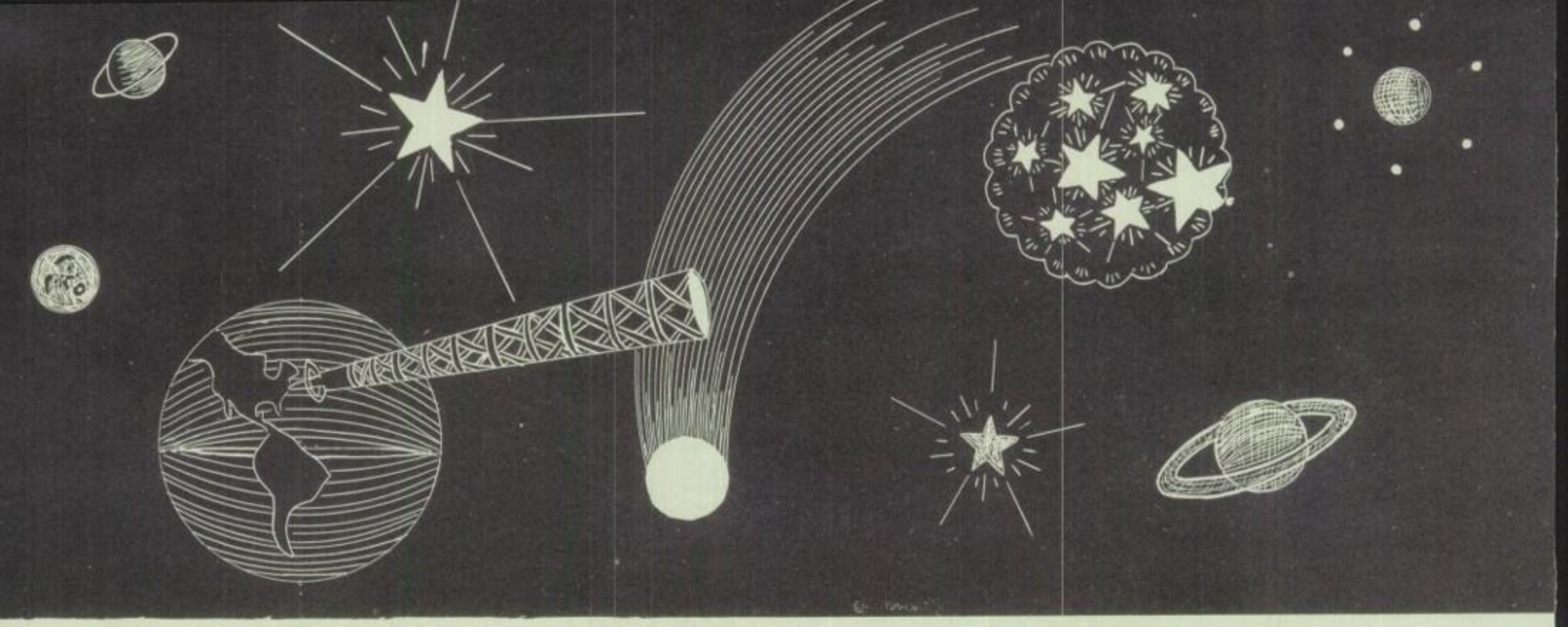

LOST IN THE STARS

When mortals scan the face of night, stars will serve as almanacs to remind them that they will always have to look up to The Class of 1953. It is granted that all gods hold their seats in the skies; accordingly, here we reside, the heavenly bodies of '53, on the lofty star, Pi*. It is not a particularly large star; however, it is only natural that the more brilliant members of the community have the best chance of being noticed. The aesthetic atmosphere is in harmony with the superior lineage of its inhabitants, who, by virtue of their luminous education and scintillating wit, have succeeded in founding a new civilization of blithe spirits.

First, though, as we begin to explore the Universe of 1963, we switch back to lowly earth to the tiny island of Nantucket, where Miss McGrath, Curator of the Maria Mitchell Observatory and President of the American Bird Watchers' Society, scans the solar system. With expert skill she trains her super 2,000-inch telescope on Pi, and smiling radiantly, she sights the abode of her prodigies in the Class of '53.

Her eye is attracted at once by a bright red flash, Lee Newth, zooming along in her fire engine. Destination? Carolyn Sawyer's deluxe chemistry lab, where her able assistant, Judy Johnson, spurting smoke and flames, has accidentally swallowed a beaker of ammonium hydroxide.

Struggling to gather her charges after a general stampede from Chisholm's Chummy Children's Corner, is Jane, while Liz Slack, winner of Pi Tennis Championship, patiently waits to give them their weekly tennis lesson. Swat! A ball is served, and as Miss McGrath loses sight of it, she focuses on a strange spectacle. It is Betsy Streit, straddling a saw horse and strumming on a ukelele, while Beth James vainly attempts to dance the hula-hula, to Betsy's limited repertoire.

These strident tones are, however, overridden by the music of the Angel Choir, featuring as star soloist, Mercedes Hutchison, mezzo-monotone. Vigorously leading the group is the flustered maestro, Carla Wright. Divine music of the spheres are the sweet, melodious refrains that float from a fluffy white cloud nearby, and the souls of the new arrivals in the Upper Realms.

Also musically inclined is cheerful Merrie Winter, "Brightening the Corner" with "Hallelujah, Sister!"; Betsy Washburn returns the salutation while "Bringing in the Sheep."

Galloping by on her pet, Pegasus, a little bit racy but nonetheless stable, rides Jani Goff on her way to the zoo, which is run by Bev Steere, "Keeper of the Beasts and Acting Manager" and Carolyn Briggs, who has taken charge of the S. P. C. A. of the Skies.

Wandering desolately through the park is Edie Grossman, editor-in-chief of the "Galaxy News". She is debating whether or not to donate the mournful Adlai to the zoo.

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*Pi—*the star purchased by Lincoln School in the Buy-a-Star Drive for a Rhode Island Planetarium.*

"Time" marches on, and with it a pile of prizes accompanied by Sue Raines.

Farther down the street, we see a large crowd attracted by our loquacious orator, Sue Low, who is spouting about the high life of the Upper Reaches, and by Debbie Jones, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, who is ordering her arrest for disturbing the peace!

Out of the milling crowd comes the sound of a portable radio. Drawing closer, we hear the voice of Margie Shore, teling another one of her tall tales on "Can You Top This?"—I doubt it!

We interrupt this program to bring you a special bulletin by Lois Brown, the Eyes and Ears of Pi. She has an interesting announcement to make, for, it seems, that Sally Shoop, fostering her brood of airborne children, has just taken off in her new convertible rocket ship, *Bedelia II*. The family is attired in the fashionable new black and white cable space suits, designed by the Schiaparelli of the Stars, Adelle Alba, and knitted by Jane "Dropstitch" Gifford. Incidentally—not far off, sits Nancy Legare, still knitting!

Here comes Carolyn Chase on the march with her troop of Girl Scouts. She is teaching them the newest tracking techniques. On sighting her prey, she shouts, "Ropes and hooks, there, ropes and hooks!"

Approaching the business center, we see Justine Mackie's second-hand shop, a celestial duplicate of the one she started on earth years ago by collecting certain treasures. Next door is the Blind Date Bureau run by Elaine "Kittens" Morrisse. She evidently earns a commission by advising her clients to frequent the "Hi-Hat Club", sponsored by Sandy Radcliffe.

Further on, at the aquarium, Barbara Benson as head guide is lecturing on marine life, with which she is exceptionally well acquainted, and coming out of the Atom Drug Store, just down the road a piece, is Em Lynch, pulling a wagon full of her daily medicinal supplies.

Blazing in bright lights on the marquee of the "Star Theater" is the name of Diana Bidden, who is currently playing there the stellar role of *The Innocents,* while at the other end of town Joyce Sproul is permanently filling the leading part in *The Merry Wife of Windsor.*

In the suburbs, at the University of Pi, we find Ina Dwares, Professor of Sociology, giving an advanced lecture course on "The Basis of a Durable Peace." Carolyn Rison, on the other hand, we discover, spends most of her time in the library, doing research work on her third history textbook, *The Making of Pi.* As she comes out with an armful of books, she sees the puffing Janet Laing, cranking "Puddles." While Janet is puzzling over her temperamental auto, her attention is attracted by a group of boys from the university who have come staggering up the walk, carrying . . . why, of all things, it's her motor!

Nancy Cornelius has taken up quarters across from the university, where she is feeling right at home.

In the country, not far from the university, Sylvia Zweifel, stooped under the weight of a huge paint can, is meticulously painting each blade of grass blue in an effort to feel at home.

As night falls, Sue Goff, B-B gun expert, is performing her nocturnal duty of shooting stars, while Penny Watts, Pi's well-known artist, is painting gossamer moonbeams. Where these heavenly sights came from before Sue and Penny arrived on the scene remains a mystery.

Christine hops on an oriental moonbeam to begin her long homeward journey, back to Formosa.

Hannah, who has always had a Maine-ia to return home, streaks by on her chartered comet and waves to Olive, Pi's lighthouse keeper, who blinks her beacon in a fond farewell.

As the curfew hour arrives, Emma Dimond swings the massive gates closed and plods wearily homeward, dragging her key behind her.

Gradually, drifting clouds obscure Pi from sight and Miss McGrath turns away from her telescope with a happy sigh, while the Class of '53 continues its bright course through the uncharted realm of the Future.

BARBARA BENSON, *Chairman*

ADELLE ALBA
CAROLYN BRIGGS
SUSAN GOFF
ELAINE MORRISSE
JOYCE SPROUL
SYLVIA ZWEIFEL

ADELLE ALBA—"The Man Who Came to Dinner"—What better food for a lion than Caesar?

OLIVE BARCLAY—"The Deep Blue Sea"—Summers at North Haven.

BARBARA BENSON—"Where's Charley?"—Need we ask?

DIANA BIDDEN—"Gentlemen Prefer Blondes"—With blue eyes.

CAROLYN BRIGGS—"Carry On"—Harmoniously up and down the keyboard.

LOIS BROWN—"Bell, Book, and Candle"—She burned the midnight oil.

CHRISTINE CHANG—"I've Got Sixpence"—The Class Treasurer's lament.

CAROLYN CHASE—"A New Life"—Six weeks in the Boarding Department.

JANE CHISHOLM—"The Children's Hour"—At the toy library.

NANCY CORNELIUS—"Dream Girl"—A penny for your thoughts.

EMMA DIMOND—"First Lady"—Top Executive.

INA DWARES—"Patience"—It's a virtue.

JANE GIFFORD—"Best Foot Forward"—And the other in a bandage.

JANE GOFF—"Too Many Girls"—In the library.

SUE GOFF—"Don't Go Away Mad"—A thought to remember.

EDITH GROSSMAN—"Strike Up the Band"—She beat the drum for Stevenson.

MERCEDES HUTCHISON—"On Borrowed Time"—The quick trip home for lunch.

BETH JAMES—"Having Wonderful Time"—She always does.

DEBBIE JONES—"Holiday for Sinners"—When the cat's away, the mice will play.

JUDY JOHNSON—"One Touch of Venus"—Her big brown eyes.

NANCY LEGARE—"Merrily We Roll Along"—Knitting and purling.

JANET LAING—"Member of the Wedding"—First to be pinned.

SUSAN LOW—"Bright Victory"—Fight, White Team!

EMILY LYNCH—"Finian's Rainbow"—The Irish colleen.

JUSTINE MACKIE—"Guys and Dolls"—And frequent jaunts to post office for S.C.E.W.

Elaine Morrisse—"Babes in Arms"—Hours at Nursery School.

Lee Newth—"Our Town"—She loves Barrington!

Joyce Peterson—"Smilin' Through—The work for S.C.E.W.

Sandy Radcliffe—"Thanks for the Memory"—That wonderful summer abroad.

Sue Raines—"The Champion"—On the basketball court.

Carolyn Rison—"The Letter"—For your French pen-pal.

Carolyn Sawyer—"The Heiress"—Where'd she get those brains?

Sally Shoop—"Two's Company"—No help wanted.

Margie Shore—"Blythe Spirit"—And that heavenly hair.

Liz Slack—"The Triumph of an Empress"—Amid her Court of Boarders.

Joyce Sproul—"The Happy Time"—Méjico bound.

Bev Steere—"Top Banana"—Head of the bunch.

Betsy Street—"Lady, Be Good"—Please?

Betsy Washburn—"I am a Camera"—We Lie-ca.

Penny Watts—"On You Toes"—How she can dance!

Hannah Whitten—"The Seven-Year Itch"—Itching powder ain't no fun!

Merrie Winter—"New Faces of '52"—And a welcome addition.

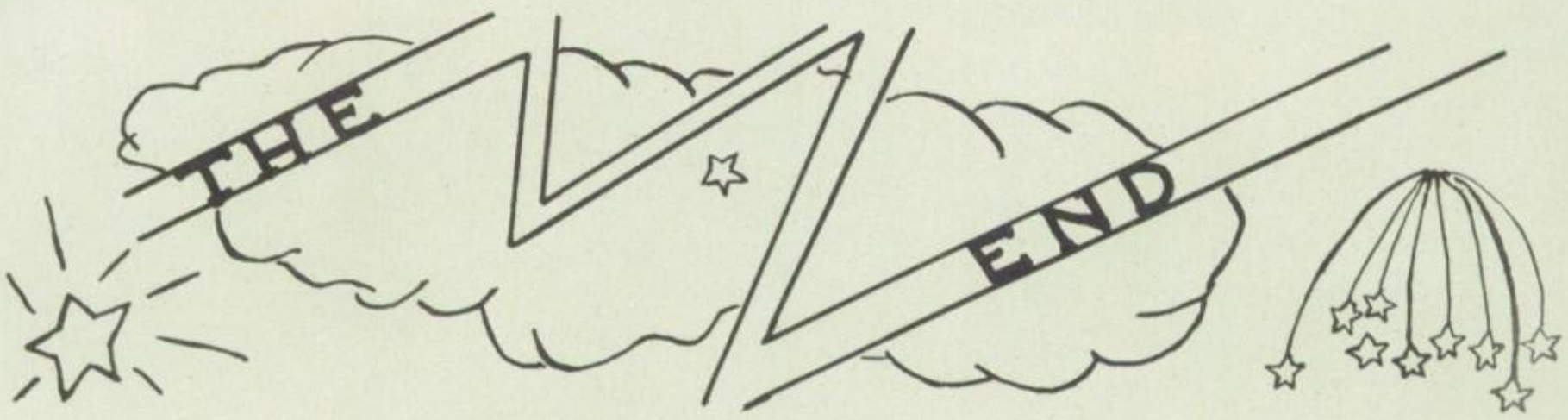
Carla Wright—"Face the Music"—With a song at Glee Club.

Sylvia Zweifel—"Deep Are the Roots"—Firmly implanted in Kentucky.

Miss McGrath—"Magnificent Yankee"—Nantucket, here I come!

The Senior Room—"Picnic"—'Nuff said.

Charlotte Barton, *Chairman*
Peggy Crusoe
Julie Curtis
Margery Harris
Helene Pilavin
Jane Richmond



SENIOR BOARDERS
ME

PHSIOLOGY
ME

MORE BOARDERS
ME
WE LIKE IKE

BOARDERS AGAIN
ME

ENG CLASS
ME

Best wishes from
Dorothy Gifford

= Betty
Giangreco

MISS COLE AND THE SENIOR CLASS PRESIDENT

THE FACULTY

Back Row, left to right: Miss Gagnon, Miss Holt, Mrs. Rowan, Mrs. Lynes, Miss Moberg, Mrs. Appleton, Miss Gavitt, Mrs. Day, Mrs. Giangreco, Mrs. Santora, Miss Cook, Miss Hatch. *Second Row*: Miss MacDougall, Miss Smith, Miss Gifford, Mrs. Weske, Mrs. Calpin, Miss Cole, Miss McGrath, Mrs. Annin, Miss Martin, Miss Babcock, Miss Marshall. *Front Row*: Mrs. McCormick, Miss Shea, Miss Perez, Miss Wheeler, Mrs. Boone, Mrs. Haus.

me

Cooperative Government and Judicial Board

Back Row, left to right: L. Harrall, C. Wright, C. Sawyer, S. Goff, E. Dimond, J. Peterson, E. Streit, A. L. Eddy, W. Bousfield, A. Alba. *Second Row*: S. Richards, J. Whitaker, J. Chisholm, B. Steere, D. Jones, E. Slack, J. Smith, B. Walsh. *Front Row*: C. Smith, M. Allen, N. Garden, M. Palmer, J. Wilson, H. Pilavin.

This year, Cooperative Government and Judicial Board have emphasized more than ever the fact that each girl should feel her responsibility to the Student Government and conduct herself accordingly.

We have worked especially to improve the efficiency of the library proctors, as there has been some lack of understanding of library privileges, and we feel we are making appreciable progress.

House Government

Left to right: E. Lynch, L. Sanguinetti, E. Slack, B. Walsh, A. Godfrey, L. McAdams.

House Government has worked very well this year with the cooperation of an active council. The meetings are held regularly every two weeks with Miss Cole, Mrs. Calpin, and two Faculty members in attendance. Committees in charge of week-end activities have planned for movies, dinner dances with St. George's and Moses Brown, and Open House, which is held the first Saturday of every month.

Executive Committee

Back Row, left to right: J. Laing, B. James, S. Radcliffe, C. Rison, M. Watts. *Second row*: D. Lloyd, S. Raines, J. Peterson, N. Scott, A. Cates. *Front Row*: B. Benson, R. Lunnie, G. Anthony, N. LaFarge.

S.C.E.W.

The Steering Committee for European Work has continued the affiliation with our French schools in Creil and Provins. As in the past, we have sent clothing and exchanged written material with both schools. In addition, we have conducted a book drive for both schools. Interest in correspondence with French girls was stimulated by a visit early last fall from Mademoiselle Fontvieille, one of the English teachers from the school in Provins. Through S.C.E.W., Lincoln girls have the opportunity of establishing lasting friendships with French girls. It is hoped that through these friendships we will gain greater understanding of the French people, their ways of living, ideas, and ideals.

Community Service

Left to right: M. L. MacDonald, B. Voss, J. Chisholm, J. Fain, L. Brown.

This year, Community service has undertaken a new project: namely, running the Toy Lending Library at East Street for the underprivileged children of that district.

Also, we have raised funds for the Red Feather Drive and two Budget Drives.

Left to right: S. Zweifel, S. Francis, M. Winter, A. Williams, W. Bousfield.

Sylt Committee

The Sylt Committee, which helps the home for handicapped war orphans on the Island of Sylt, this year has continued sending packages of clothing and blankets. In the Autumn a special collection was made to pay for a new furnace for the home. The complete Christmas dinner was given by members of our Boarding Department and friends. At the present moment the campaign for new members for the American Guild for Friends of Sylt is under way.

Dance Club

Left to right: B. Ress, D. Lloyd, A. Williams, J. Laing, P. Watts, J. Mackie, P. Regan, L. Harrall, A. Alba, K. Langdon; *Front*: N. LaFarge.

Dance Club tryouts, at which nine new members were elected by the three permanent members, were held in November. After Christmas holidays, the Club met for an hour every Tuesday afternoon to create three original dances to the beautiful piano accompaniment of Mrs. Evans. These dances were presented at a demonstration in April. The Dance Club members also led a group of twenty other girls in dance exercises at this demonstration.

Glee Club

Back Row, left to right: S. Radcliffe, A. Williams, L. McAdams, M. Conrad. *Fifth Row*: E. Dimond, J. Greene, J. Sproul, S. Zweifel, J. Chisholm, E. Slack, E. Washburn, J. Mackie, B. James, E. Streit, B. Steere, R. Lunnie, J. Whitaker, O. Barclay. *Fourth Row*: J. Peterson, E. Colmore, E. Milliken, S. Parks, D. Bidden, S. Raines, J. Laing, J. Johnson. *Third Row*: S. Crowe, M. Harris, J. Troppoli, N. LaFarge, J. Curtis, S. Langdon, M. Watts, S. Low, A. Thorndike, C. Rison, L. Harrall, D. Lloyd. *Second Row*: W. Allingham, E. Morrisse, A. Alba, S. Francis, C. Briggs, C. Wright, F. Rogers, S. Scott, H. Pilavin, S. Harrison. *Front Row*: D. Jones, S. Taylor, C. Barton, J. Goff, S. Haliday, B. Benson, M. Allen, M. Paxton.

The fifty-six members of Glee Club have had a successful year. In March, we were fortunate to have the privilege of singing in St. George's Chapel with the choir at St. George's School. Also, we have enjoyed our Annual Spring Concert at Moses Brown. Our selection of music has been quite varied, and we have added several modern pieces to our repertoire.

Chorus

Back Row, left to right: S. Rosenquist, J. Crouter, M. Broden, J. Perkins, L. Nelson, D. Bird S. Goff, J. Gifford, P. Young, K. Kinder, J. Bowerman, A. Shaal, A. McKendall, B. Arnold, L. Sanguinetti, A. L. Eddy, J. Lavan. *Fourth Row*: F. Chisholm, H. Greenough, L. Brown, A. Cates, S. Waterman, S. Allan, J. Fain, P. Crusoe, J. Desrosiers, W. Simonds, C. Gifford, B. Sherman, N. Bell, C. Day, B. Ress, C. Johanson. *Third Row*: C. Chase, F. Trumbull, N. Smithson, A. Lothgren, C. Coward, M. McCormick, P. Gammino, C. Sharp, S. Laskey, D. Baker, K. Langdon, E. Roebuck. *Second Row*: S. Longo, G. Anthony, M. Taylor, N. Legare, A. LaFarge, S. Weigner, B. Walsh, S. Richards, N. Garden, J. Kramer, B. Voss, E. Lynch, L. Newth. *Front Row*: S. Stratton, A. Godfray, A. Godfrey, M. Huntoon, J. Wilson, C. Darke, M. L. MacDonald. M. Palmer, C. Smith.

The Chorus Group of 1952-1953 has met regularly in either the Gymnasium or the Junior High Study Hall. First, we rehearsed songs for Christmas Vespers; since then the group has been working mostly on three-part rounds. Songs are also being rehearsed to be sung in Chapel. Later, songs will be rehearsed for Commencement.

Back Row, left to right: C. Wright, B. Salt, N. Smithson, A. McKendall, M. Broden. *Front row*: J. Whitaker, C. Smith, J. Peterson, J. Troppoli, C. Almy.

Orchestral Group

Orchestral Group, with an instrumentation including violins, saxophones, flute, piano, harp, xylophone, and kettle drums, has met once a week for practice and enjoyment of group playing.

Athletic Association

Back Row, left to right: O. Barclay, E. Streit, E. Milliken. *Second row*: S. Low, J. Greene, S. Radcliffe. *Front row*: B. Worrell, C. Coward.

The Athletic Association began the year with a Four-School Play Day which included a well-rounded program of hockey, tennis, archery, and volley ball.

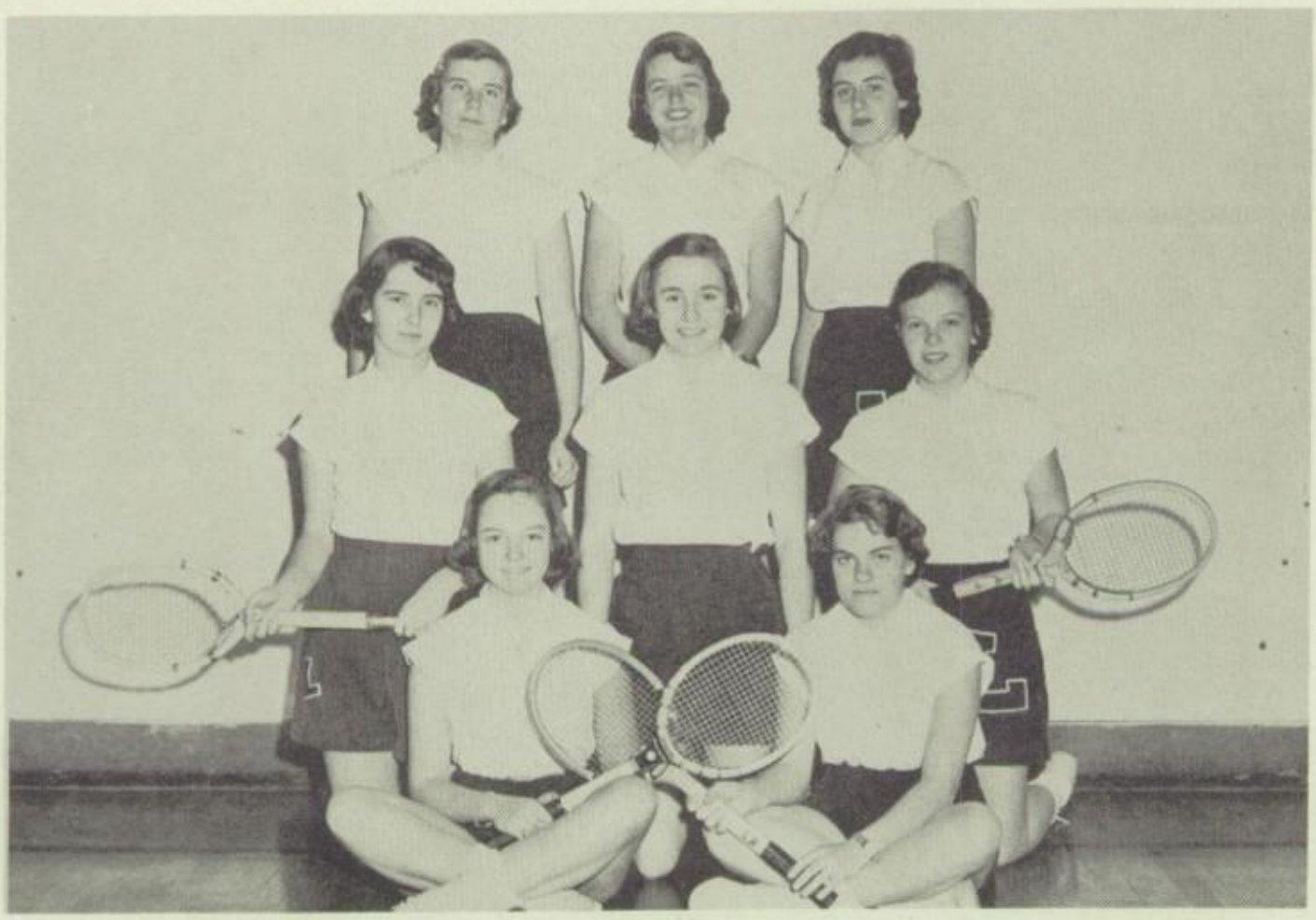
In the fall, the Hockey Varsity played a game at Barrington High School, defeating their team, 5-0.

On March 7, the Basketball Team went to Bancroft to play their traditional game of the season, and won, 34-27.

A Gym and Dance Demonstration, on April 10, exhibited the work of many of the students taking part in the dancing and sports programs.

The season closed in May with a Field Day for the girls in Junior and Senior High and their parents. For participation on the different teams, awards were given, and the Athletic Association was turned over to next year's officers.

BASKETBALL
VARSITY



TENNIS
VARSITY

HOCKEY
VARSITY

TORMENTORS CLUB

Back Row, left to right: L. Brown, E. Dimond, I. Dwares, B. Washburn, B. Streit, C. Sawyer, S. Goff, S. Raines, C. Briggs, O. Barclay. *Third Row*: N. Scott, M. Shore, N. LaFarge, L. Newth, B. Benson, A. Alba, J. Laing, S. Shoop, J. Troppoli, S. Crowe. *Second Row*: E. Grossman, S. Taylor, C. Barton, G. Anthony, P. Watts, D. Jones, S. Low. *Front Row*: J. Wilson, D. Lloyd.

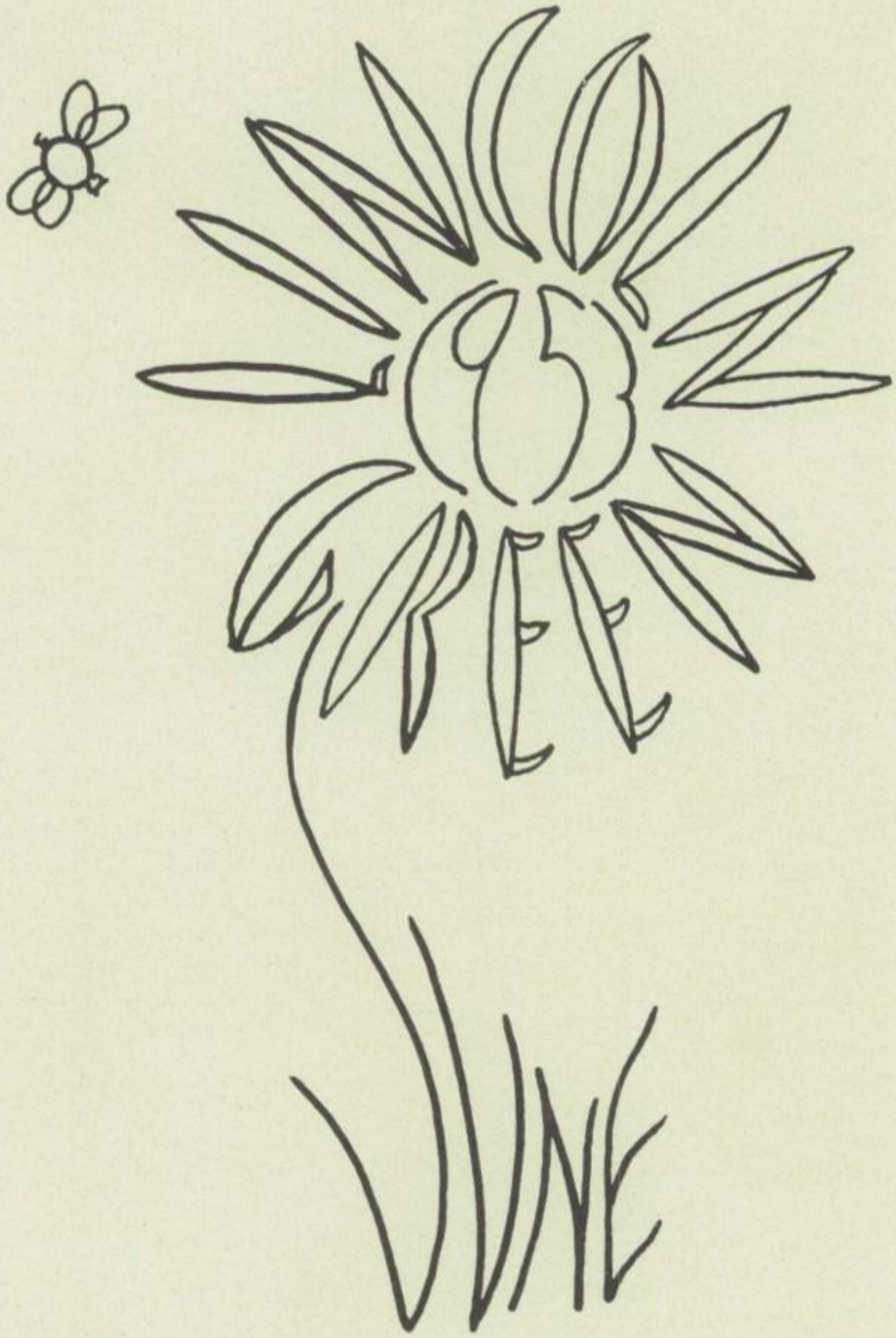
The Tormentors Club has this year been extremely active with the Seniors' production of *Androcles and the Lion, The Gramercy Ghost* with Moses Brown, and two one-act plays.

We have also initiated a new plan of reading plays at meetings, as well as practicing staging, lighting, and make-up techniques, thus giving ourselves a very full and worthwhile year.

Lincoln Green

Back Row, left to right: M. Taylor, M. Watts, S. Shoop, E. Slack. *Front Row*: C. Barton, E. Grossman, C. Johanson, C. Sawyer, W. Simonds.

Lincoln Green this year has held two contests for new covers, one for each issue. We have also tried to sponsor contributions to our literary section which were done voluntarily rather than as homework. We feel that both these moves have led to more widespread interest in the making of the magazine.


FREE
JUNE

LINCOLN GREEN

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The BOARD OF EDITORS *thanks Miss Gavitt and all who worked with her for their wonderful assistance in making this issue of* LINCOLN GREEN *a success.*

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Be Sure to Mention LINCOLN GREEN

THIS WE BELIEVE

Recently there has appeared on the news-stands a paperbound best-seller collection of brief essays compiled by a well-known reporter. It is Edward R. Murrow's "This I Believe", a collection of straightforward, personal philosophies of one hundred people, famous and not so famous, who, at Mr. Murrow's request, have taken time to express in writing their beliefs about living in today's world.

They point to the rules for finding happiness and a purpose for life in an age of unequaled tensions and turmoils. Each contributor has asked himself what he wants of Life, and has written his answer in terms of the things, whether they be material, ethical, or spiritual, which have enriched and added purpose to his life.

With our long-dreamed of Graduation Day almost a reality, with Commencement marking the close of our preparatory school life, and the beginning of a new and increasingly complex life in this troubled world of ours, it might be well to analyze the beliefs and ideas which we of the Senior Class hold as our guiding principles and goal in life.

There are some of us who are as yet uncertain of our purpose; we are aware of a vague, all-compelling force, but are not yet sure in what direction it is pushing us. We have ideas and ideals, but they are hazy, not yet clearly formulated; we merely sense their presence.

Too many of us seem to have no purpose in our lives, no firm beliefs, no ideals, and no faith. Our point of view would seem too negative. And yet, in spite of all we say, we realize that there are responsibilities which we should accept, and ideals we can believe in if we will. We are struggling now with the problem of growing up, and with a certain disillusionment that comes when we first encounter life. We are discovering that life will not be handed to us as a gift, and we rebel against that idea. Even so, somehow, deep within us the realization that a full life is worth working for has taken root. When we ourselves acknowledge that growing realization, our beliefs and ideals will also grow.

There are few of us who have not matured at least to the point of uncertainty and searching for basic beliefs and ideals. We are not building our houses upon sand; we are simply searching for our rocks.

Our years at Lincoln have been preparing us for life. They have given us responsibilities which have had to be fulfilled. Student Government has been our responsibility, our duty to ourselves. It has shown us that the things which we aim for in life must come from within ourselves. Organizations such as S.C.E.W. and Community Service have helped us realize our responsibility to others. Through these groups we have tried to help other people and to increase understandings between people. Other school organizations have taught us the importance of living up to the responsibility of our jobs. Our morning chapels have helped us in our search for purpose and ideals; so, too, have our speakers. Through our daily classes, Quaker thought has influenced our belief in people and ideals, our love of peace, and our faith in human patience.

At present we are busy growing up. In years to come we will look back and thank Lincoln for giving us her motto—"Love, Loyalty, and Lowliness". This we believe. Here is the beginning of our philosophy for life.

C. R. S., '53

SPRING RHAPSODY

Spring is the most poignant season of the year. It is the awakening of a new world, a newborn earth full of warmth and happiness and a carefree love of life. It should be a time of proms and laughter and girls competing to catch the earliest tan, of class parties, and picnics and early trips to beaches. Spring should be softball games after school in the brilliant sunlight, with shouts and laughter and home runs; then, returning home, to an uneasy evening of half-hearted study interwoven with wistful thoughts; lunch periods spent talking and planning in the warmth of the noonday; restless class periods with the scent of the fresh, warm air drifting in through the open windows, scrambles for seats nearest the sunlight, and open windows with arms hanging out along the sill. Spring should be rides in open convertibles with hair blowing in the wind, a time for falling in love too easily—but then, there is no disillusionment in Spring.

For us, Spring 1953, will be different from the others, one that can never be duplicated; one that is the last step towards a goal for which we have striven and prayed during twelve long, happy years.

It is the ultimate reward, completion. It will hold the last exams, the last step-singing, and Commencement.

Commencement, by the implication of its name, means the beginning. But will it not mean for many of us the end? Will it not be sad good-byes to many happy days and associations here at Lincoln, to days whose fullness we will never experience again in the same manner?

How shall I feel? Will it be excitement in the feverish preparations for the ending festivities? Will I be lost in a whirl of teas, white gowns, and red roses? Will I be swept up in the life and love of Spring? Or will there be something more? Will I not be uncertain, timid, and even scared of losing the security of a routine which has been built up during my school years, of taking a first big step alone, with careful preparation perhaps, but still alone into the world? How will I use the knowledge and experience acquired during this first era of my life? And, even deeper, will I inevitably be sad? I know I will be sad, for twinges of sadness creep unawares upon me even now. And during the short few months remaining, no matter how lively and lovely the Spring is, there will be time for tears. And as I receive my diploma on June 4, 1953 and hear the singing of the school song, "Hail, Hail to Lincoln School," I will fully realize that from now on, I have only the memories left of some of the most precious days of my life.

S. R., '53

IN DEFENSE OF LOAFERS

Monday—basketball practice, homework; Tuesday—Dance Club, homework; Wednesday—shopping, Concert; Thursday— . . . so, throughout the week runs the schedule of a Lincoln girl.

Our lives are so hectic, so crammed full of activity! Mother calls us to dry the dishes, we must attend a Student Council Meeting, teachers pile on hours of homework, and Father harps at us to read good, educational books.

Relaxation is one of the keynotes of existence; yet we Twentieth-Century Moderns rarely conceive of it in its true form. Now, to our mind, relaxation does not mean watching television, seeing a movie, or reading a "classic". These, it is true, are all forms of entertainment; but entertainment is not synonymous with relaxation. Relaxation means, to put it bluntly, giving body and soul a chance to loaf.

There are those who will decry loafing as a waste of time, and, more important, of mental energy. This, however, is most emphatically untrue, for loafing re-invigorates the body, re-juvenates the mind, and re-enlivens the soul. There is nothing more utterly satisfying, during a day of work and play, than to lie atop one's bed and stare at the ceiling, letting all thoughts drift where they may; or, in the summer, to stretch out in the backyard, or on the beach, or the deck of a boat, perhaps. The sweeping motion of polymorphous clouds passing overhead is blissfully restful. During a busy school day, take time out for a visit to the library. But don't pick up a book. Gaze out of the window,

perhaps, or look at the bookshelves. Stare at them. Note the symmetry of the volumes, their colors, their various heights and widths. Let your thoughts wander, your mind drift. And let those who know not condemn you for a simpleton. After only one hour in such a sublime occupation, you will be a confirmed loafer and a better person for it.

I am not belittling the merits of a good book, movie, or play. Each has its worth. But, to assimilate and settle ideas in your mind, nothing surpasses the system of "do-nothingness". The world would be a better place, its people less harassed, confused, and discouraged, if everyone spent even part of an hour a day in such beneficial idleness. Without aiming to change the world, we can at least make ourselves better students for Lincoln School by saving for ourselves some small interval of free time each day in which we can become adept loafers.

E. A. G., '53

THE PROBLEM OF PEACE

The following paragraphs are excerpts from a few of the top twelve Peace Essays written by the Senior Class. These paragraphs were chosen to illustrate different approaches to the problem, and the varying interpretations of the theme, THE BASIS FOR A DURABLE PEACE.

* * * *

What are the reasons for the seemingly continuing and increasing disagreements resulting in wars between peoples? Perhaps human nature is as much to blame as anything. It is a part of every person, if he is normal, to have within himself a certain desire to be as good as the next fellow. In some countries this desire may be suppressed to a state of mere nothingness and complete irrelativity; nevertheless, it is still there. A tendency toward jealousy and envy of the person obtaining the most is natural. It is purely idealistic to say that in some way the lack of one thing is made up for by the abundance of another, although this is a theory in which I believe. The starving and undernourished peoples of the world will hardly say that they have something which takes the place of food. Hungry and crowded people are not likely to be peaceful people.

I am not writing on WHAT MAKES PEOPLE, which would involve changing human nature, but I do believe that means can be obtained whereby we leave human nature the way it is and change world conditions to meet its demands. The changing of the world, however, cannot be accomplished through the efforts of one nation only. It requires the complete cooperation and trustfulness of all nations in the world. . . .

Susanne Raines, '53

It is so great, this peace, that it is overwhelming to think of all we can and must do. Where do we start, and what do we do first, and where, above all, lies the wrong that has caused all the troubles and war of today, and long before today? To my way of thinking, all the blame can be placed on one word, *differences*—in custom and habit, in religion and all belief in government, in education. And yet, these differences are really not to blame, for how can we expect over two billion people, spread over the earth, to be alike. I believe that all these differences can be summed up in two words, *distrust* and *misinterpretation*, and, allowing that education and religion work right along with these, I think that if the United States made a good start on eradicating these two ideas, we would be well on the way to the durable peace we are seeking. . . .

Elizabeth Slack, '53

The primary aim of our generation is durable world peace. But the ideas on the method for obtaining this end are diverse. Some say a complete and all-powerful world government is the only answer. Others claim that we must let events take their course—that, before too much damage is done, the thirst for conquest will be sated. I submit that world peace will be obtained only when economic conditions are such that there is no more need for strife. . . .

Edith Grossman, '53

. . . Wars begin in the minds of men, and we live in a world of democracies where the mind of the common man is all-important. We have left behind us the days when kings and their statesmen could declare war at will, regardless of the feelings of their subjects, and we have no proof that democracy of itself is a protection against a readiness to make war. . . .

The better nations understand each other, the more they will realize how much they have in common—and why and how they differ, too—the less prone they will be to take arms against each other. "Know thyself," said the old proverb. "Know your neighbor" we say today. And the whole world is our neighbor. . . .

CARLA WRIGHT, '53

First there must be a vision of peace. A vision that is admittedly idealistic but very necessary—because there can be no constructive action without a vision . . . Our present job is to find our vision. Each one must know his dream and believe in it and work for it. And, because each person has that little piece of God in him, the vision will some day become real.

SALLY SHOOP, '53

The peoples of the world today in their group relationships are ruled by certain national and racial prejudices. I believe that these prejudices constitute at present the greatest obstacle to our progress towards durable international peace, and, until they are almost completely eliminated, nothing can be set up that will effectively preserve our international security. This intolerance is unavoidable, due to misapplication of education or even miseducation. The racial and national prejudices which are so deep and dangerous can only lead us to destruction. . . . If these prejudices continue, we shall be torn by civil strife and dissension; then we shall be divided against ourselves, and unless we are truly *United* States, we shall throw our weight towards war rather than peace. . . .

SUSAN GOFF, '53

AFTERTHOUGHT

Science is truth,
Truth is beauty,
But is the potency of an atom bomb
Or the annihilation of a universe
Beautiful?

CAROLYN BRIGGS, '53

EXCHANGES

The Little Dipper—Bancroft School, Worcester, Mass.

The Brimmer-Maze—Brimmer-May School, Boston, Mass.

The Greenleaf—Greenwich Academy, Greenwich, Conn.

The Northfield Star—Northfield School for Girls, Northfield, Mass.

The Delphian—Moses Brown School, Providence, R. I.

The Courant—Abbot Academy, Andover, Mass.

The Packet—Buckingham School, Cambridge, Mass.

The Quill—The Mary C. Wheeler School, Providence, R. I.

The Caldron—Friends Select School, Philadelphia, Pa.

The Magus—Milton Academy Girls' School, Milton, Mass.

The Sextant—Belmont Hill School, Belmont, Mass.

The Dragon—St. George's School, Newport, R. I.

Tit-Bits—St. Timothy's School, Catonsville, Md.

Horae Scholasticae—St. Paul's School, Concord, N. H.

Rhyme and Reason—Westtown School, Westtown, Pa.

The Log—Tabor Academy, Marion, Mass.

St. Margaret's School Chronicle — St. Margaret's School, Aberdeen, Scotland.

The Cushing Breeze—Cushing Academy, Ashburnham, Mass.

Magazine of the Keighley Girls' Grammar School—Keighley, Yorkshire, England.

AS WE SEE OTHERS

The Magazine of the Keighley Girls' Grammar School used our idea of "Senior Cartoons" for "Prefects" and did a very commendable job of it! We always read with interest this excellent magazine published by our pen friends in England.

The attractive illustrations of *The Greenleaf* add much to its appeal, and the varied articles show the widespread interest of school activity at Greenwich Academy.

Congratulations to the *Horae Scholasticae* on their fine literary material. We enjoy reading their varied selections of prose and verse!

CAROL JOHANSON, '55

WE TWO

The year of 1953 holds great events, great possibilities, great responsibilities for us both.

Commencement in June will find me floating across a green, sunny lawn in something filmy and white, a spray of roses in the crook of my newly-tanned arm. And somewhere else, another young woman will be walking on a sunny lawn, in another white dress. But this dress will be regal; her arm will carry a scepter.

We will both be shouldering responsibilities, hers a kingdom's worth; mine, a career's. She will nurse millions; I, merely myself, perhaps one or two more later. But both our hearts will be recalling light, happy pasts, as we try to look bravely and confidently toward the future.

We have been carefully, painstakingly prepared for our roles; now it is up to us to live up to, and better our places in life. There is no turning back, no one to lean upon . . . but there is also nothing to obstruct us; we are free to cut our own paths, and those paths depend solely on ourselves. There will be hard problems to face, hers a hundred times larger than mine. But I, in my own small world, will think mine just as difficult; my path just as tortuous, for I have been trained in a much smaller proportion than she. I will worry about college grades, clothes, my hair, my dates. But she—she must concern herself with rulers, laws, starving peoples, and a world of nations.

There seems to be no comparison between us, and yet there is. We are both young, untried, hopeful, and full of nostalgia. There are, and will be, husbands and children to tend. And praying to God for help and guidance will make our lives successful.

We have much in common, we two.

JANET LAING, '53

ON BEING SEVENTEEN

An argument started it all. At the respective ages of ten and seven, my sister and I were dressing, undressing, and redressing our dolls in the living-room.

"I'm going to be 'old' before you are!" remarked Jani, setting the sparks a-flying.

"So what! It doesn't make any difference, does it, Mommy?" I piped up. In the arm chair, Mother instantly buried herself in the newspaper, becoming overly engrossed in the moving picture section, which she never reads.

"Mommy's busy, dear," came the hasty but impartial answer.

Wasting no time, Jani asserted, "When I'm seventeen, you'll be only fourteen. Then I can do whatever I please. Mommy can't even make me wear rubbers then."

I then meekly questioned Mother again. "Mommy, were you ever seventeen?"

"Yes, dear . . . a long time ago."

"You had to wear rubbers, didn't you, Mommy?"

"Well, sometimes, dear . . . when it was very rainy or snowy."

"But just when you wanted to keep your party shoes dry, huh, Mommy?" Jani hastily put in.

Mom, still engrossed in the newspaper, nodded vaguely.

"See, I told you so. I can't wait 'til I'm seventeen!"

That was enough to convince me that seventeen was the perfect age. For the next ten years I dreamed of that triumphant day.

Today is here. I am seventeen, and have been for thirteen hours. But no sophistication or joy or jubilation has overcome me. As far as I can see, no change at all has taken place. I'm the same me who was sixteen last year. In fact, I even feel exactly as I have all year, except for being overstuffed from too much birthday cake.

Surely, Jani must have been mistaken when she told me that seventeen was the best age. Her arithmetic never was good. Perhaps she meant eighteen!

Yes, of course, eighteen was the year, the age to be desired! Only one short year to wait! A year full of dreams and hopes and expectations . . . of being eighteen!

CHARLOTTE BARTON, '54

GULL-WATCHER

The soft mewling cry lifts our gaze skyward. There, hovering on silver wings, between wind and water, floats the bird. His wings outspread, head thrust forward, he drifts on the currents of air which send him, a flash in the sun, skyward or down, to skim just above the wisps of foam on the water below. A flip of the tail, a splash, and he plummets beneath the surface, to rise in a spray of drops with a silver-striped fish clutched in his beak. At this, his fellow mates all join in the fun, and a seagull game of tag sets out through the sky. Twisting, turning, skimming the crests, the chase goes on. Buffeted, one seagull drops the prize, another catches it, and they begin again, and so—through the sky. But our friend sulks, and lands with wings aflurry and feet outstretched on a lonesome, tar-covered pile, a lonely hermit in a world of give and take.

At home, in the winter, we have tamed the birds enough so that they take meat scraps from the backyard. The strategy of reconnoitering, and the majesty of their flight thrills us. The first that we know of the gull's visit is a fleeting shadow as he drifts by on silent wings. If we are quiet and still, he may land. We hear the low, gutteral, harsh undertone as two or more gulls fly over, and then, silence. Suddenly a great white bird glides in, lands on the run, and takes off again. Then he reappears.

Inquisitively and anxiously turning his head from side to side, his bright eyes alerted for any movement, he waddles toward the meat. We now get a vivid picture of his coloring which cannot be seen in the air. The bird is a just-bleached white, dazzling in the brightness of the sun. A delicate blue-grey shades his black-tipped wings, with two perfect spots of white in the black as if someone had taken a paint brush and let fall two drops of purest white. The edges of the wings are outlined dramatically with a white fluting. His little, orange-webbed feet scurry quickly over the ground, and his orange-colored bill darts among the scraps, holding at one time more than any self-respecting bird should take. Gorged to the limit, the gull takes one last sad look at all that he can, by no means, stuff into himself. With a running take-off, not unlike that of a plane on an aircraft carrier, he launches himself into the air.

Once, we threw out four hot dogs with skins on them. A greedy gull spied them and made a perfect nose-dive for them, ending with feet out and tailfeathers down. Waddling over as fast as his waggling posterior would let him, he started gulping them down. First one dog, then a second; a third was on its way, but it hit bottom. That gull was full of hot dog, from one end to the other! No farther could he shove them; no more could he swallow. So there he was, with nearly two hot dogs hanging from his open bill.

Now, above him, another seagull was on the prowl for food, and looking down he spied those tempting frankfurters. It didn't seem to register that there was another seagull attached to the other end. What did he do? He flew down, hooked on to a juicy dog, and pulled. Out popped all *four* hot dogs! Surprised thus rudely, Gull I started to scream. Throwing his neck forward, opening his beak, sticking out his tongue, he made the backyard resound with his cries and—such dreadful gull language! While Gull II was merrily swallowing his hot dogs as fast as he could, Gull I grew madder and madder. Suddenly he lost control. He gave one final screech and, wings raised, neck outstretched and bill open, an evil glint in his eye, he rushed at Gull II. Striking out, he missed, but latched on to a hot dog. Very good! Giving a backward lurch, he pulled the "dogs" free. As the last hot dog appeared, Gull II clamped down, hard. Contact! The tug-of-war was on! Back and forth, screaming foul invectives at each other, the birds raged. The skin

of the hot dogs was stretching, st-rr-etch-h-ing . . . then each gull was flat on his back, each valiantly holding on to his *two* hot dogs. Down the hatch these went, and with a baleful glance at each other, and a screech for good measure, the gulls took off into the airways again, each loaded to capacity and dragging his landing gear.

Living near the water as I do, I often come in contact with seagulls. Their almost-human behavior, I find, makes gull-watching an engrossing pastime. DEL LLOYD, '54

COUSIN JANE'S HOUSEKEEPING

Our family will never forget spring cleaning last year. Cousin Jane had come to spend the week. She is one of those people who know all about everything, especially whatever happens to be going on at the time.

About seven in the morning we had breakfast. Cousin Jane had a fabulous new way to fix eggs, she told us. They were tough and burnt at the edges but Cousin Jane served them with a "There, you see? Now, aren't you glad you let me do them?" Cousin Jane is like that.

We got out mops, pails, brooms, dust cloths, ammonia, steel wool, Babo, silver cleaner—the whole works—with Cousin Jane's bulk in the middle of it all. We decided to do the kitchen first. The smell of ammonia didn't have any adverse effects on Cousin Jane, or so she said; accordingly she was assigned to clean the sink and stove. Five minutes after she had started, however, with tears streaming down her face, she exclaimed that she guessed she must be getting a cold; would we excuse her for a minute? Would we excuse her! We propelled her through the door, uttering profound regrets, and immediately got to work. Mother did the porcelain, I washed the walls, my father and brother cleaned out the cupboards, and jointly we scrubbed and waxed the floor. All in all, it took us a couple of hours. As we sat over cups of coffee, proudly surveying the results of our toil, Cousin Jane came downstairs again.

"Oh, dear," she said, "I'm so sorry to have kept you waiting all this time when there's so much to be done. This kitchen really needs . . ."

"Cousin Jane!" I interrupted sharply, "I think we've done a beautiful job in here, don't you? See the pretty shelving paper? Mother chose it last week."

"Oh—oh, you mean—oh! Well, I suppose the sitting room comes next, eh?"

"We were thinking of doing the dining-room, dear," replied Mother. "A little more systematic, you know, going about in a circle."

"Oh, I'm not so sure. I've always thought . . ."

"I'll polish the table!" shouted my brother.

"I'll do the chairs," I cried.

"Guess I'll beat the rugs," said Father.

"And I'll wash the curtains," finished Mother with a smile.

Cousin Jane stood helpless for a moment but, never daunted, she offered to rearrange the books so that they'd be easier to find. Father winced at this. Not one volume was in any kind of order. There was a Russian grammar book, next to *Kon-Tiki,* next to a *Street Guide to Paris,* next to *Greek Mythology,* next to *Barbar and His Travels,* and so on. Nevertheless, Father knew where every volume was to be found, and the idea of Cousin Jane's cataloging his library gave him a nasty turn. That would be even worse than the time I took pity on him and straightened out his tool chest.—Never will I forget his utter despair on that occasion.—But to get back to my original point, it was obvious that Cousin Jane could not touch those books.

"How would you like to make a salad for lunch, dear?" suggested Mother hopefully.

Cousin Jane, of course, knew of a wonderful new kind of salad which she would just love to make for us. We'd adore it, she was sure. There were four long sighs of relief as we got to work. We dusted and polished to Cousin Jane's melodious wail from the adjoining kitchen, telling us that spring was here. She was in the church choir back home, which may give you some idea of what we went through. In the meantime, we finished "downstairs" before lunch while Cousin Jane was still concocting her salad.

There's another thing about Cousin Jane that I haven't as yet mentioned. With all her remarkable qualities, she is a confirmed hypochondriac. Give her a breath of fresh air and she's sure she's going to catch pneumonia. As we were sitting down to lunch, which we had in the kitchen, I went to open a window. The air was so thick that, to dust

off an old accustomed phrase, we could cut it with a knife; a distinct aroma of ammonia filled the room.

"Oh, no, no, dear. Please don't do that. I had it open just a while ago and it really is quite fresh in here, don't you think?" This last, she hopefully put to the rest of the family.

"I'd open it just a crack, if I were you," Mother winked at me.

Cousin Jane shivered violently all through the meal, although her seat was practically part of the radiator.

The afternoon was spent cleaning up after Cousin Jane's cleaning up, if you see what I mean. Cousin Jane believed in mopping with the broom and sweeping with the mop with results you may well imagine. She didn't care for the broom because it scattered too much dust, (she used it as though she were playing golf) ; and yet, she actually stood in the middle of the floor and shook the mop she's been sweeping with. It's times like that when Father reminds Mother that Cousin Jane isn't his family's fault. Mother then asks Father who's responsible for Aunts Jean, Mae, Lillie, and Sarah, as well as Great Uncles Horace and Percy and . . .

It happens every spring around our house.

ALISON WILLIAMS, '54

REALITY

Yesterday, when I was young
In sunshine bright, with glad songs sung,
Each welcome day, brand new and free,
Stretched open arms inviting me
To play and dream and gently drift,
No pain to bear or burdens lift—
A carefree haze of happiness
Eternity, can it be this?

Eternity, can it be now
With apple blossoms on the bough
And sunshine drowned in summer rain—
The painted leaves; my window pane
Intricately frosted—patterns there
Which never will the artists dare
To mimic in their soft design—
The broken branch, the lost wind's whine?
This life we live, yet know not how—
Eternity, can it be now?

Eternity, can it be where
The world is dead—its surface bare?
Where cold lives, in eternal snow
Are buried deep? Where ice winds blow
The vast, bleak emptiness of white
Across the bleeding tracks at night—
Where limped and fell a broken deer—
Eternity, can it be here?

I cannot find my way, the star
To guide my fumbling feet is far
And dimmed by sweeping clouds of gray
Which rush to swallow it by day.
Yet, when my path by candle-light
Is lost, a star *above* the night
But for a moment sparks, and then
Is gone and all is black again,
And I am left, *below,* alone,
Upon a pebble chipped from stone
With only faint assurity—
The glimpse of light has given me
That through Life's dark and troubled dream
There somewhere is a master scheme,
The wond'rous pattern which must be
The secret of Eternity.

Some day, somewhere, I shall find
The peace to soothe my writhing mind,
The treasures stored where moth or dust
Can ne'er corrupt, corrode, or rust;
The open door; the guiding hand;
My castle—built upon the sand?
This world will soon forget my name.
I have not earned the right to fame.
My true self slept; I did not live.
With much to do and much to give,
I dreamt of that vague, distant time,
The battle won, the prizes mine—
I'd do and think, pursue and say
The things put off from day to day—
The chance would come and with no pain
My soul would find itself again.

Some day, awakened, I must see
The truth which is Reality—
The answer, shining bright and clear,
Too quick to feel, too short, too near,
The answer, to the question "When?"
Eternity, for me, was T H E N!

PENNY WATTS, '53

SIXTY-TWO SUSPENSEFUL MINUTES FROM THE HAZARD AVENUE POLICE GAZETTE

At 6:39 Adlai, the seven-month-old cocker-spaniel, is unceremoniously booted into the downstairs' lavette as punishment for trying to steal food from the dining-room table while the Family is at dinner.

Between 6:39 and 6:58 assorted squeals, groans, and yelps come forth from the minute dungeon. At 6:58 the Oldest Girl, taking pity on the puppy, tries to open the bathroom door.

At 6:59 the Oldest Girl screams hysterically. By 7:00 the family is assembled outside the bathroom door to hear the Oldest Girl gasp: "Adlai has—has locked himself in!"

At 7:01 the self-appointed rescue squad of the Mother and the two Younger Girls goes to work. The door, rather oddly, *is* locked. Dogs, even those as super-intelligent as the Democratic Adlai, do not usually know how to lock doors. However, it is supposed that his aristocratic nose must have flipped the handle.

At 7:08, the Mother kneels on the floor and cries: "Adlai! Adlai, dear, please unlock the door!"

At 7:09, the Oldest Girl collapses with laughter.

At 7:11, the Aunt calls the Fire Department to announce that a dog has locked himself in the bathroom.

At 7:12, Fireman Ed Flaherty collapses with laughter.

At 7:28, a super-speed fire engine stops in front of the house. At 7:29 Ed, Tom, Joe, and Fitz enter the house. They carry respectively a pick-ax, a shovel, a blow-torch, and a hatchet. They are each over six feet tall. Adlai is thirteen inches.

At 7:41, the door is successfully unhinged with the aid of a screw-driver from the family tool chest. At 7:42, a tawny form dashes once again for the dining-room table.

End of report.

EDITH GROSSMAN, '53

MARTHA'S VINEYARD

A rough-hewn triangle (Oak Bluffs, Cape Poge, Gay Head) of earth and oaks and moors,
Of clay and sands, bayberry and wild vines, and time slowed almost to a halt—

* * * * * *

The trip to the island by steamer is short,
An hour of sunlight pouring down on a sooty upper deck,
Raining in diamond splashes on the azure Sound,
Past Vineyard Haven, (West Chop and East Chop),
The rip—almost all uneventful. Look, out there;
A black yawl sailing lazily along, her decks
Littered with sun-tanning people, absorbing the warmth of the day,
Her sails cut white in the midst of bright blue.
The Oak Bluffs dock grown nearer, the steamer slows.
A puff of white, then sound from the whistle on the stack—
The steamer slides in towards her berth; lines hurtle
Across the water to the confusion of the dock, men pull them taut,
And draw the boat in—a crunching lurch as she settles—
Hard against the wharf. The gangplank is lowered.
Passengers press forward onto the docks, through the housings,
The gate, into the waiting crowd, where colored boys call,
"Carry yoh bags, ma'am?" and drivers of sight-seeing busses
Hawk their tours of the island . . .

Oak Bluffs, a honky-tonk main drag:
People in gaudy-colored summer clothes, wandering up and down,
Looking in the windows of the shops, buying hats and plaques
And painted sea-shells that advertise the island.
A small boy stands fascinated, watching the taffy machine
At Darling's Popcorn Store—it pulls the taffy out in shiny loops,
And figure-eights it back. He buys a bag of buttered popcorn,
And walks on, munching its firm white saltiness.

Oak Bluffs, the old camp-meeting ground:
The Tabernacle, with its silver dome and silver cross
Outlined by lights that shine across the harbor in the night,
With its encircling colony of gingerbread cottages,
Each one a fantasy, an architectural nightmare,
Quaint and clustered all together in a maze.
One night in summer
It all is lighted by swaying, gay paper lanterns,
A fire hazard perhaps, but a living, moving bit
Of colorful past—the people gather and sing hymns.

Oak Bluffs, the ocean side:
Where the biggest houses stand looking out across the sea,
Across the park, where bands give concerts on an odd Victorian stand,
Where children play, and sail toy boats in a make-believe pond.

Oak Bluffs, the harbor side:
The town wharf that neatly segregates the classes—
"Pleasure Craft Only", and "This End of Dock for Fishing Boats."
The Ice-chopper clanks away, grinding tons of ice for a fisherman's hold;
The delivery wagon brings a hundred pound cake for the ice-box
Of the yacht tied up at the end of the pier.
People walk endlessly up and down, inspecting each slip,
And then hire bright little paddle-boats to cruise about the harbor.

Oak Bluffs: camp-meeting ground, main drag,
Town dock, and big houses facing the sea—
Oak Bluffs, a contrast . . .

The road to Edgartown, a long, narrow strip
Stretched out along the beach—one side, the ocean;
The other, a still lagoon. At sunset
The lagoon glows pink and lavender, and gray gulls
Wheel in a red sky before settling down for night.
The beach is almost deserted then, for evening shadows are cool.
At night, beneath the moon, the sea becomes
A black silhouette, breaking white on the sands,
And grasses on the dunes swish softly in the wind—
The road is there to bridge the two eternities . . .

Edgartown, where the fleet is in; the harbor's filled
To overflowing with boats and masts and flags;
There is a big black schooner sporting a set of outsize signals,
And the *Bolero* with sails furled neatly in blue covers
On silvery aluminum masts. There are white boats,
Blue boats, black boats, green boats, power boats, sail boats—
Large and small, but everywhere boats, boats and brightly colored flags,
Beneath a gay blue sky full of whipped cream clouds.

South Beach, that long expanse of sand
That faces towards Nantucket, and toward Spain.
The waves are always big here. They come in foamy-crested,
Curling over and rushing whitely, purring, up the beach.
(You there, with the binoculars, trying to see Nantucket—
Put them down and come and feel South Beach.
Feel it shake as the waves crash in—take off your shoes
And feel the foaming waters carry the sands away,
Feel them slip from beneath your toes; feel the water
Swirl and pull about your ankles, coaxing you in deeper,
Until a bigger wave can playfully soak your clothes.)
Sometimes the sea is angry, and the waves come in like mountains
Being blasted, the barriers of water crashing down
With mighty roars and rumbles, covering the sands
With their wreckage. (Then indeed can you feel the beach,
It quakes beneath you, and the blown spray from waves
Comes up to meet you standing there atop the dunes,
And forms a salty crust upon your skin; the wind
Wreaks havoc with your hair) —You must feel South Beach.
To know it, to love it . . .

Menemsha, a fishing village, a quiet inlet
and a big pond—
An artist sits on the dock painting a shack,
a heap of lobster pots
And brightly colored buoys. A fat white gull
Sits atop a mast, surveying the scene. Fishermen mend their nets.
A boy is mopping down the smooth teak decks
of a black sport-fisherman,
While in the cabin someone's cooking coffee,
and the delicious odor
Mingles with the clean salt-fish-and-sea smell
of the air.
A small sailboat is fighting its way up the inlet,
Pushing against the outflowing tide, its progress slow and all but non-existant.
A tow-haired boy, sunburned and barefoot,
runs happily along the wharf;
People are fishing in the clear green waters
by the jetties,
And others are tanning themselves on the
smooth white beach.
At dusk, a fishing boat heads in from sea, to
a haven and a home.

Up-island, the warm, soft smell of summer,
the feel of mainland.
There are farms there, and woods, woods
where trees grow bent
(An old Indian sign, they say, saplings bent
to mark a trail,
And now the trails are gone, but the trees stay
bent.)
At the crossroads stand a clump of beetlebung trees, a rarity.
There's a windmill on a hill, perched above
a field of new-mown hay,
And there is a narrow path that leads down
by a waterfall
To a shady dell, where one can watch the currents of a new-born brook
And see the leaves drift quietly along—it's
cool there,
Even at high moon, cool and dark and softly
silent.
Up-island it smells of summer, and bayberry
bushes and new-mown hay . . .

Gay Head, the western end of land, its colored cliffs
A challenge to the sea. The clay has crumbled
bit by bit,
Year by year, but still the colors are there,
daring the waters below
To do their worst—(the treacherous waters
that harbor a wreck on the reef).
Down by the road the Indians have stands,
and sell their souvenirs,
Their beaded dolls, and ashtrays made from
colored clay,
One works at a potter's wheel, turning and
shaping the colors.—
But he cannot capture the cliffs in one lump
of colored clay.
The Head stands tall, majestic, streaked
through
With red and gray and orange, black and
white,
Sculpt'd by weather into a thousand dream-like shapes,
Worn down by paths from the grass-tufted
tops to the beach,
Baked and hardened in a kiln of sun beating
down from the sky above,
And reflecting up from the metallic waters
below.
Gay Head, where the Master Potter lent a
hand . . .

* * * * *

A rough-hewn triangle of earth and oaks and
moors,
Of clay and sands, bayberry and wild vine,
and Time slowed down—
All this and more is Martha's Vineyard. . . .

CAROLYN SAWYER, '53

REUNION

The time that it took to get from the subway station in New Falls to Grand Central Station was just about forty minutes. That would mean that Paul Kerrigan would have to allow about two hours for transportation to St. Michael's Church in Greenwich Village, if he wished to get there in time. Before going to the church he would have to meet his mother and sisters, who were coming into the city from Boston thirty minutes after his own arrival. Then, with an approximate half-hour to spare, he was sure they could get to the church in time for the Mass.

Yes, that would be plenty of time. One had to allow, of course, for the fluttering of an excited mother who was coming to New York for the second time in her life—the first had been on her honeymoon in '25—and they had stayed at the Biltmore then and had had a wonderful time and—well, this time she would probably be more excited, coming to see her priest son say his first Mass! Well, it would have to be enough time. After all, one can't hurry a train coming all the way from Boston. Paul had wanted to have his mother and sisters come the night before and

stay in a hotel, but his mother would not think of it at such a time, with two girls in school and another son in college. They'd come on the five o'clock and arrive in plenty of time.

Paul had thought this all out the night before, but now as he stood at the top of the platform he began thinking of the real purpose of all this worrying and family reunion.

His brother had just been ordained into the priesthood. He had finished his studies with top honors and had been assigned as curate of the Greenwich Village church where he was about to say, for the first time, the holy office of Mass.

Paul remembered him as a boy, always his superior in school and always with the deep ambition to become a priest. And now, on this Saturday morning, May 17, 1947, he was beginning the life that had been his childhood goal.

Just then, Paul's thoughts were interrupted by a shrill voice calling his name, and he focused his eyes upon the meager crowd ascending the ramp. There he beheld the familiar faces of his two sisters and his mother. Although the ramp was dimly lighted, he could make out his mother's felt hat, the one she wore in the spring when it started to get warm, and the faded tweed coat covering her shoulders. There was a flowered scarf about her neck. His sisters, he could tell at a glance, were slightly over-dressed as usual, but very pretty—also, as usual!

Soon they were all around his neck, kissing him affectionately. Paul felt a soft feeling of joy surround him and he was glad to be with his family again.

After the many greetings had been said and enjoyed, Paul gathered up his family and like a protector led his little band out into the street, where they climbed into a yellow cab. After excited exclamations about the big buildings and wide streets—also, what a wonder Paul was to get such a handsome cab—they all settled back and began contemplating the memorable occasion they had come to witness. The idea of seeing their new priest say his first Mass put many un-said thoughts into the minds of each, and somehow, though it is hard to explain, the traffic noises seemed to take up a softer, even reverent tone.

Sooner than expected, the Kerrigan family found themselves in front of the church. It was a cement structure, small and dark; in fact, did not look like a church at all.

However, the cross on the roof showed Paul that they were at St. Michael's and he led his family inside. Quietly they knelt in a center pew and waited for their priest to enter. They had not long to wait. Soon two altar boys entered, followed by the young priest. They watched him, as, with lowered eyes he went to the foot of the altar, where he stood for a moment, in silence. The small congregation rose to their feet and the Mass began. From the introit, the gospel, the preface, the canon, and communion, it followed through to the prayers. Then it was over. The priest left the altar with the servers before him.

It was a time again of family reunion. A time for laughter and tears and tender kisses. A time for the blessing of a son and brother upon his family. Deep and humble thoughts had been expressed in the secret of the Mass. There was no need to worry about trains and timetable—only happy thoughts now. Deeper ones would come, later.

EMILY LYNCH, '53

SOLITUDE

The surf is pounding in my ears,
  The white spray flying,
    A lonely seagull crying in the
Solitude.

The storm approaches with the coming dusk,
  The waves rise, pounding,
    There comes a distant foghorn, sounding
      into the
Solitude.

The tempest roars with awesome fury
  In wild abandon, nature beckons
    And death, many a storm-tossed sailor
      reckons in the
Solitude.

Music pulses in my heart,
  And upward, outward surges,
    One hundred thousand dirges in the
Solitude.

The storm passes with abating glory,
  On tempest's leaden wings,
    Still God sings, and Nature sings in
Solitude.

The surf still pounding in my ears,
  The white spray flying,
    A lonely seagull crying,
      Remains unchanged in the
Solitude.

SALLY HARRISON, '54

ROLLING STONE

I remembered when he had been prejudiced against litanical churches. I remembered also when he said, a year later, that it had just been a childish phase. I remembered when he had been for the emotional, demonstrative new churches and would listen avidly to the shouting ministers of that type of religion over the radio; at that time he was convinced that everyone else was wrong, and this new church was right.

Then I moved away, and during the summer of the year before he started college, when he visited me, he was completely beyond reason—almost fanatical. After that I didn't see him again until his graduation from college. He had changed colleges. He had begun in a denominational college of his parents' and his own choice; but as he had grown more progressive, he had felt hemmed in by tradition. He had left for a large city college. There he could attend meetings of new branches of churches, which met in abandoned auditoriums and old meeting halls. He threw himself into his work, until it seemed too tame or as if it were standing still. Then he would be restless, and begin to search for a new sect.

I met him not long ago.—He was an extremely handsome boy, and a lot of fun when not in one of his fanatical sprees.—He talked for awhile, laughing over old times. Finally, as I knew it would, the conversation centered about his religion. Many people had heard of him by now. He was endorsing a policy much like that of the Ku Klux Klan. Remembering how he used to listen to the radio, I asked him if he did not still like the man who had then been his idol.

"He was just a childish phase," he answered. He had said that all his life as an excuse for himself. As his mind narrowed, so did his reasoning power.

And after he had left, I sat there thinking. Here was a promising young man. If only he did not have to prove to himself something—anything. He was still a lost boy, insecure in his beliefs; really, not believing anything. When he stops to think, many years later, will he realize that all his searching has brought him nothing?—That his conscience has been appeased, not satisfied?—That he has only taken up time, not mind?

If he had only worked at his religion he might have succeeded—I do not mean physical work, but mental and spiritual. The only way to do this is to have faith, but—he did not have faith, neither faith in God nor faith in himself to believe in God. His faith in himself was summed up in his own words: "It was just a childish phase."

JANE CHISHOLM, '53

I RIDE THE WIND

Go, Go, Go!
Step it up;
Easy now;
Steady it;
Way down—
Up, up—and over.
Flying! That's what it is.
Is there any feeling
Like the freeness—
The flying—with the wind—
Of the up and soaring
Jump over the hurdle?

A mass of power—
Power and beauty beneath me.
From the flying feet
To the flaming nostrils,
Mane blowing, streaming in the breeze.

O'ertake him.
You can do it.

O'ertake what?
Your rival—or the wind.
I think you can.
I know you can do it.
Come on, boy.
You're neck and neck now.
The wind is really blowing.

A faithful servant beneath me.
A servant?
No, my master.
He holds power
Such as I could not possess.
Form, beauty, and power, Power!

Escape from all—
The world, man, life, and its cares.
Freedom, complete freedom.
I ride the wind,
The wind in the form of a horse.

MARILYN BRODEN, '55

IN THE WORLD

Once in a while there is a day when the sun smiles, the water winks, the people are friendly, and the world and I laugh. Then life is made for me and I for it, and I am what I want to be.

On such a day, a while ago, I was Going Out into the World, for I was taking the bus home with money in my pocket to buy a late lunch, as school had let out at one. I climbed aboard, grabbed a pole as the bus charged ahead, and made a graceful and dramatic swoop into the nearest seat. Of course, I tripped over someone's feet. When I and my books left the bus, feeling well scrambled, I knew my Adventure had begun. There were some middle-aged grown-ups in the store who, I fondly hoped, were wondering what on earth I was doing out of school so early. I imagined quite an interesting dialogue around my chicken sandwich with a truant officer. Then, just because I had never seen anyone read anything interesting at a lunch counter before, I absorbed the latest "Little Lulu" through a strawberry sundae.

Although my walk home was something of an anti-climax, there were many intriguing things to wonder about. Mainly, what made that gnarled old tree have only two branches, one going up and one going down, like a see-saw, and why would a plane make a turn in mid-air and go back the way it came?

As I reached the reservoir, my books having unaccountably doubled in weight, I stopped to admire the southern view of the ever-present tens of ducks swarming over the water. The slanting sun struck them as they looked like penguins against the white ice. It was getting cold; so, stopping only to christen the southern half of the reservoir "Little America", I juggled my books on my arm and continued my merry and deliberate way through the centers of mud-puddles.

SANDRA STRATTON, '55

SHOWER

A spring rain falls to earth,
  A shining avalanche.
Sweeps across luxuriant meadows and fields
    and then,
Is swept on, to lands distant and unknown,
  By the wind.

JANE PERKINS, '55

HOME IN SONORA

The Sonora Desert is located in Mexico, just about a hundred miles southwest of Nogales, Arizona. When I was first told of Sonora, like most people, I suppose, I pictured a vast expanse of desolate, sandy terrain, occasionally spotted by a cactus here or there. How wrong I was! When I first set eyes on the place in September of 1949, I experienced a wonderful and new sensation.

It is hard to explain the feeling I had when the four-passenger Stinson settled down on the natural landing strip. The charm and beauty completely took possession of me. On the way to camp I had time to take in all the beauty of the scenery that surrounded me.

The small truck wove its way over a self-made road among the towering cacti and in and out of the deep arroyos, that had been chiseled by the heavy rains. During this season not a drop of water remained. There was not only an infinite variety of cacti here, but also small green-barked trees called Palo Verde, multi-colored desert flowers, resembling lilies, thistles, and daisies, to mention a few, and other plants that were strange to me. Patches of long grass spotted the sand. The movements of jack rabbits and a balmy breeze animated the scene. The sky was a heavenly blue, and the radiant sun added its golden touch to this paradise.

After a fifteen-minute ride we finally reached camp, where we were welcomed by the combined greeting of several dogs, a group of curious, but shy Mexicans, who watched the spectacle from a short distance, and Mrs. Main, the good-natured wife of my father's partner. Both Mr. and Mrs. Main are fifty or more in age; they are two of the most wonderful people one could ever hope to meet. After getting acquainted, I finally had a chance to see what our ranch was like.

The camp itself consisted of two one-room adobe houses, the sleeping quarters, a small shed made of ocotillo, a type of cactus with long slender branches, where the saddles, bridles, and other equipment is kept, a chicken pen with ocotillo fencing, and, of course our deluxe adobe out-house. Our so-called kitch-

en was entirely outside, although it was covered by an ocotillo roof attached at the end to one of the houses. The two sides were partially closed off by straw mats to keep the dust out, but the other end was open to the weather. Our stove was a Dutch oven set in hot coals on a pile of adobe blocks; our sink was a basin, the water for which is toted twelve miles by truck every day. We had no refrigerator at the time, and it was rather difficult getting used to drinking warm water. Since that time, there have been a few additions, such as a wood stove, a refrigerator, and more adobe houses. A short distance from the camp are located the individual huts of the Mexicans and, beyond these, is a silver and gold mine. To some people this may not seem like much of a paradise, but for me it was love at first sight.

I had only one misgiving about Sonora, and that was the fear of meeting up with a rattlesnake. But never once have I seen one. I've gotten so now that I'd like to come across one just for the sake of seeing what it looks like.

After unloading ourselves and our equipment from the truck, we all settled down to spend a few days riding, hunting, resting, and just plain enjoying life. One day we drove over to the Gulf of California, a distance of thirty miles; in time, it was three hours by truck, but ten minutes by plane. This will give you a good idea of our super highways! Once at the gulf we fished and swam in bathtub warm water. The day ended, like all others, with a glowing red sunset, painting the mountains a soft purple. A desert sunset, I found, is so like a picture that it is hard to believe it real. Almost without warning, the flaming sun disappeared behind the gilded peaks and the Sonora sky was transformed, as if by magic, from a radiant red to an inky black, peppered with silver stars and a white, white moon.

Although I could speak no Spanish at the time, and even now I am no linguist, I became acquainted with the Mexicans, and really got to like them. They feel that it is their responsibility to look out for us, and though we are not aware of it, they are watching us all the time. One afternoon my sister, Charlotte Main, daughter-in-law of Mrs. Main, and I went riding. For variety we decided to leave the trail and explore. Darkness comes on very suddenly in this country, and the only way to tell direction is by the mountain peaks. Realizing that it was growing late and that we might get lost, Venturo, one of the Mexican wranglers, asked permission to go out and look for us. We met him on the trail leading into camp. He is typical of all the Mexicans there; although poor and illiterate, they are wonderful people.

The five days we were there passed by so quickly that before we had time to realize that we were not just dreaming, we were homeward bound. I had fallen completely in love with Sonora, and, despite the warm drinking water, I hated leaving the place. The only consolation was that I would be going back again some day.

Since then I have made two more visits, fortunately of longer duration, and right now my sister and father are enjoying that warm Mexican sunshine. Oh, how I envy them! Well, I'll go again soon, I hope. It will never be too soon for me.

JOYCE SPROUL, '53

THE GIFT

You have a gift which is from God.
"What is this gift?" you say.
You have a life which is your own
To lead along the way.

You have a chance to mold this life
Into a thing worth-while,
A life of helping others win
And making others smile.

Yes, if you prove yourself a friend
To all, no matter who,
And lend to them a helping hand—
They'll be a friend to you!

ANN CATES, '55

DARKNESS

Darkness—
Incomprehensible,
Turning familiar objects
Into an infinite curtain of nothing.

Darkness—
Tranquil and silent,
Making cares and worries,
Trivial and unimportant.

Darkness—
Conveying fear,
Indefinable: present: ominous,
But always elusive.

LEE SANGUINETTI, '55

BUGS

Some folks can't stand bugs. Others like 'em. I'm impartial. Don't mind lookin' at 'em or touchin' 'em, but I wouldn't much care to be overfamiliar with 'em. But bugs are kinda interestin'.

Now farmers hate bugs 'cause bugs chaw the crops in the fields, like 'tater bugs, 'nd corn borers, 'nd sech.—Well, bugs gotta live best they know how. They gotta eat somethin'.—An' lots of ladies don't like bugs 'cause bugs aren't always purty. But then, neither are lots of ladies.

Most li'l folks like bugs—maybe 'cause bugs are li'l, too. Ever watch a li'l feller first time he sees a worm? He'll pick it up, an' his eyes 'll get big as the moon. Y' can jest see he's tryin' t' figger out which end's which. Maybe he'll put the worm back on the ground an' watch it wiggle away. Like as not, though, he'll see how the worm tastes. Well, society won't miss one worm, anyway. What're you squirmin' for?

Guess nobody likes ants. What's an ant? Well, he's the nasty li'l guy that always comes to picnics with his ants 'nd uncles 'nd cousins. Nobody ever invites 'em, but they come jest the same. They get into the 'tater salad an' just 'bout ever'wheres else. An' boy, do they got pow'ful nippers!

All right, so you say ants's pests. Well, you jes' listen here. Try an' step on a li'l anthill some day, then stan' back an' watch. Purty soon a bunch of the li'l critters 'll come marchin' big as you please through the hole, all carryin' food an' eggs. Meantime, more of 'em are busy makin' a new roomin' house by carryin' one grain of sand at a time, an' fixin' it jest right. Then the whole kick 'nd kaboodle moves in, an' you'd never know anythin' had gone wrong in the first place. That's teamwork.

"Well," you say, "what good's a mosquitter? All they do is nip ya an' make ya itch." All I can say is, if there weren't any squitters there wouldn't be a Liars' Club. Ever hear the story 'bout the thing that landed in an airport in Texas? The fellers pumped two hundred gallons of high-powered fuel in it b'fore someone realized it was a squitter!

You still say bugs are dumb. O. K., what about a spider? I' look at 'im, you'd think he didn't have a brain in 'is head. But you oughter see a spider spin a silk web, so delicate-like, you can't imgaine. Back 'n forth, back 'n forth, hour after hour. That's patience.

Maybe you pr'fer the arts t' bugs. Rather listen to Beethoven than think about a bug? Well, bugs can even make music. Nothin' more beautiful than a cricket concerto on a summer night or a sewin' bee sonata on a hot afternoon.

You still don't like bugs? That's up to you. Bugs can teach you a heap about livin'. An' long as a bug minds his business, I'll mind mine.

JOYCE PETERSON, '53

LUNNIE'S DEFINITION OF GOLF

Mr. Webster has defined golf as being "a game which consists of striking a small ball with clubs having heads (wooden or metal) into a series of holes (nine or eighteen) situated at varying distances on a course with natural or artificial obstacles, irregularly interposed." This is all very true, but I would like to tell you what golf means to the members of my family.

To my Father, golf was more than a mere game. It was a source of complete relaxation, fun, and good fellowship. I say *was* because that was what Dad had intended it to be when he started to play this trying game. Now, I am afraid it has become more a means of complete exasperation for him. It seems in this vexing game that, the more one plays, the more faults one finds to correct. For instance, Dad had taken private lessons to corret his slicing. He practiced for hours, mumbling all along that his instructor didn't know any more about correcting this fault than he did. After many hours of complete concentration, however,—practice makes perfect is more true of golf than any other sport—he managed to perfect this phase of the game, only to find out the next day that his putting was miserable. Now, we are apt to find him, almost any time, with a sheepish grin on his face, practicing his putting on the living-room rug. As you can see, golf is extremely exasperating to Dad, but, also, it provides an interesting challenge.

To my brother it is a moderate sport to enjoy with his Father, who is now too old to play baseball with him. Bill has been the

most fortunate golfer in the family, as he seemed to have a natural inclination for the sport from the beginning. Golf means to him, then, long summer evenings of enjoyment and of close companionship with his Father.

As for me, I consider golf the most frustrating game I have ever attempted. However, in the off season I find my attitude a little more tolerant than it would be if I had just come off the course. It seems to me that one has to have a great deal more patience than I ever hope to possess to play this fascinating game well.

Perhaps it is Mother, though, who is the most affected by this game. Having no propensity whatsoever for any kind of sport, she was destined either to spend long, lonely hours at home or to find herself puffing over hill and dale, trying to keep up with her family and the little white golf balls. I believe the aspect of the game that annoys Mom the most, though, is the fact that she is practical and unfortunately does not possess a golfer's mind. If she did, she would realize that the weather is never inclement on a golf course. (Note the golfer's adage: "It may be raining everywhere else, but the golfer rests assured that on his favorite course the sun is shining.")

Mother has, however, found golf advantageous even to her. When she finds herself longing for a few days' vacation, all she has to do is dangle the map of an attractive golf course under Dad's nose, and off they go to enjoy it.

On the whole, I feel that this most famous of all American sports has brought a good deal of enjoyment to all four members of my family—yes, even to me.

RAE LUNNIE, '54

THE ROOT OF ALL EVIL

Young kids have all the luck—and the money, too, I might add. At least that is the way it is in our family. Before my brother Rusty was born, I used to be the John D. Rockefeller of the Jones girls. It seemed that visitors always had a few pennies to give to this poor, sweet child who looked with pleading eyes at their pocketbooks. Too, Mother frequently gave me bottles to take back to the store, and I even sold eggs that my hens had laid to the neighbors.

It wasn't that my weekly income was of such great figures, but that I learned to save and save until my bankroll equalled those of my older sisters. Of course, I had not yet acquired, as had Dot and Di, the taste for such frivolous things as sundaes, lipsticks, combs, and movies. At times I was extremely miserly about my finances, and would not even consider lending to those who had none, without receiving at least ten per cent interest in return. Once in a great while, however, I would become overwhelmed by my wealth and would feel sorry for Di or Dot's insolvency. My room still contains silly knickknacks which I bought at outrageous expense from my sisters. Mother never interfered in these transactions, for she felt that I would eventually learn the value of such things. Had I only learned a little bit sooner, that I was being swindled, my pocketbook might not look so bare as it does today!

It was inevitable, though, that Rusty should come along and take my place as the youngest Jones. Now the visitors give him their pennies, while I sit in the background envying the increasing weight of Rusty's bank.

Last Christmas, Rusty received a little cash register. This bank actually adds up the dimes, nickles, and quarters as they are put in. It never fails to fascinate everyone who sees it on the kitchen table, where Rusty put it as a reminder. What he doesn't tell them, however, is that they won't get their money back until the bank contains ten dollars. By that time Rusty hopes that these people in their second childhood will forget to collect what is coming to them.

One would think that having the bank on the kitchen table would be enough of a hint, but no, Rusty has to pass it around during my mother's parties, hoping that someone will get carried away with him, in his jovial mood, and deposit great sums of money into this racketeer's toy.

However, I can't give others all of the credit for the increasing value of the bank, for Rusty himself has worked hard shoveling walks and saving his allowance. His diligence warrants real commendation.

Hence, each week I grow more and more sure that "the young kids have 'it' " as dimes, nickels, and quarters flow into this child's answer to Big Business.

DEBORAH JONES, '53

MIRACLE OF PATIENCE

The sun was bright and warm on my face as I parked Dad's convertible in the hospital parking lot. The car clock pointed to six minutes of eight and my clean, white cotton uniform snapped and crackled as I stepped out of the front seat onto the gravel driveway.

I was very aware of the new whiteness of my shoes and stockings as I walked carefully up the steps to the wide glass doors, and I was immediately conscious of the difference between the hospital rooms and corridors and the outside world. Inside, a clean antiseptic smell assails the nostrils and even the voices have a new and strange pitch.

I signed the registry book in the office and walked down the corridor past Ward A toward the elevator. A little boy whom we all called Sammy came toward me from his room further down the hall. He was seven years old and had been crippled by Infantile Paralysis at the age of four. Doctors and specialists had said that he could never walk again, but, under the patient, loving care of these nurses, he was taking his first steps.

"Nurse, Nurse, look!" he called to me. "I'm walking!" A miracle of patience this was.

I was carried up to the third floor on the slowest elevator in New England. I was glad, for it gave me time to run over my list of routine duties for the morning. Routine, did I say? No! I was wrong in that, for there is a new turn, for better or worse, every day in each patient.

From every room came a cheery "Hi!" or "Good Morning!" and the appreciation of those people echoed after me down the hall. Two doors, however, were closed and nothing but the dread quiet of silence came from beyond.

I carried wash basins, towels, and washcloths to eleven patients; helped them while they washed, left them alone to the hot soapy water or, in some cases, bathed them.

One elderly man who needed special care had had a series of lung operations. Intravenous injections day and night were his only sustenance; he had had no food or liquids for fifteen days. After his bath, his bed was made up and he watched my every movement. When I had finished, he murmured "Thank you." I appreciated those two words more than twenty flowery speeches or compliments.

My next patient was much more of a problem. A young man, he had been badly smashed up in a plane crash and had lost the use of his legs. My job? It was to get him interested in life again. As I entered the room, he didn't even turn from his hourly occupation of staring out the window at the garden below.

"Good Morning," I said, screwing up my courage at the thought of what lay ahead of me. "How are you this morning?"

"Great. Just great, for a guy with no legs," he retorted bitterly.

I moved around the room, automatically tidying it and making the bed. As I glanced down at the rose garden, I remembered seeing his personal history record. When he was in college, he had taken science courses pertaining to botany.

"I, *ummm*. It's too bad," I ventured, "we don't have a horticulturist around here. I heard the nurses saying that all the ivy plants in the Nursing Home were dying of some unknown disease."

Glancing sideways, I saw that he was no longer staring into space.

He must have thought about it quite a while, for, when I brought lunch in, he turned hesitatingly and spoke.

"I studied plants in college. Maybe I could take a look at them for you; that is, if you can bring them to me."

"As a matter of fact, we have some of the plants downstairs."

I raced over to the Nurses' Home and brought back a brown, withered plant and a stack of botany books.

When I left him he was sitting up in bed, a diseased plant in one hand and a book in the other.

As I left the hospital I remembered the little boy on crutches and what patience had done for him. I wondered if, by bringing a new interest to a crippled young man, I, too, could work a miracle of patience.

JUDITH JOHNSON, '53

SCHOOL NOTES

January 6—With his talk in chapel, Mr. Lawrence Durgin, from the Central Congregational Church, helps us start the new year on the right foot.

Quarts of midnight oil are burned while we cram for Midyears. Will we ever learn?

The grand opening of the Junior Spa! (And their treasury increases by leaps and bounds.)

January 27—Amid strips of red and green crepe paper and wire coat hangers, Professor Smiley explains some of the complexities of the universe to a very enthusiastic Upper School. What an imagination an astronomer needs!

February 10—Time Tests remind us of what we haven't read in the newspapers all year.

February 15—Miss Cole and the Boarders entertain the Senior Class at a tea.

February 17—Mr. Fleer speaks to us, during sixth period, about the joys and importance of learning.

February 20—We toss our diets out the window and stuff ourselves at the Senior Sandwich Sale.

March 7—For the thirty-first year, the Lincoln Varsity displays its talent in a basketball game with Bancroft.

During the winter—Representatives from Nasson, Goucher, and Colby Colleges have visited Lincoln. Also, next year's hopefuls have been entertained at Radcliffe and Mt. Holyoke Teas.

March 14—"To be or not to be?" Whether or not we pass Scholastic Aptitudes and Achievements is the question.

March 19-20—The audience is haunted by the Moses Brown-Lincoln School play, "Gramercy Ghost". What talent!

April 10—With sport routines and modern dance techniques, we present our biennial Gym. Demonstration. Thanks to Miss Moberg and Mrs. Boone!

April 12—In the impressive Gothic chapel, the Lincoln Glee Club join with St. George's Glee Club in a concert.

April 18—As always, the Spring Tea Dance is "The best one we've ever had."

May 3—After much hard practice, Moses Brown and Lincoln render musical selections in the Annual Schools Concert.

May 8—The youngest underclassmen make a big hit with the Freshman Plays.

May 10—Races and relays against our parents highlight Field Day.

June 3—Class Day was a memorable one, with the Mother-Daughter Dinner and Step-Singing.

June 4—Graduation! The end of a long, but happy road of school days at Lincoln.

June 6—Our long skirts swish about at the Junior-Senior Prom, and we say our last good-byes.

CHARLOTTE BARTON, '54

HOUSE HIGHLIGHTS

January 5—End of our Christmas Vacation.

January 10—A very large and successful Open House.

January 16—Our hair stood on end as we watched "The Thirty-nine Steps".

January 21-23—We managed to pull through exams.

January 23-25—We enjoy the free week-end.

January 31—Another successful Open House.

February 3—It was a real experience, hearing Cantelli conduct the Boston Symphony.

February 5—Heifitz was another high point in this week of concerts.

February 13—Our first dinner dance with Moses Brown was a tremendous success.

February 15—Miss Cole and the Senior Boarders entertained the Senior Day Girls at a Tea.

February 21-23—Long week-end. Hurrah!

March 6—We enjoyed a movie in the Lab.

March 7—A large and successful Open House following Moses Brown Tea Dance.

April 6—Spring Vacation ends. June around the corner.

April 18—A successful Open House following Lincoln Tea Dance—also large.

April 24-26—Free Week-end.

May 22—We held a return party for Moses Brown. It was enjoyed by all.

May 28-29—Exams.

June 1-2—Exams.

June 4—Commencement.

*No comments needed for free week-ends.

ELIZABETH SLACK, '53
SALLY SHOOP, '53

SPORT NOTES

BASKETBALL

This year each class has been divided into two even basketball teams, which have played frequent games.

Monday, January 12—Junior I defeats Freshman II, 43-10; Sophomore I is defeated by Senior I, 46-12.

Thursday, January 15—Senior II is the victor over Sophomore II, 31-16, and Freshman I loses to Junior II, 36-8.

Monday, January 26—Freshman II are the losers to Sophomore II, 10-28; and Junior I sweeps past Sophomore I, 22-6.

Thursday, January 29—The second Senior team wins over the second Junior team, 26-9; Senior I defeats Freshman I, 40-8.

Monday, February 2—Hooray! Freshman I defeats Sophomore I, 17-10! The first Green and White game is won by the Greens, 32-20.

Thursday, February 5—Senior I really trounces Freshman II, 44-8.

Monday, February 9—In a very close game, Freshman I loses to Sophomore II, 16-14, and Junior II wins more easily over Freshman II, 24-12.

TUMBLING

This winter the four classes of the Upper School have been struggling through forward rolls, cartwheels, headstands, and various other tumbling exercises. Many of us are quite surprised to find that after a little practice, we can do many stunts.

GYM. AND DANCE DEMONSTRATION

Friday, April 10, 1953, Lincoln gives a gym. and dance demonstration. All grades, from the fifth up, participate. Stunts and tumbling are demonstrated by the fifth and sixth grades. The Junior High Department do folk dances from England, Switzerland, Hungary, and Denmark. The pianists are Mrs. Dorothy C. Evans and Miss Wheeler. The Dance Club also gives a demonstration, their first this year. The finale is a large demonstration by the Upper School, depicting the sports that Lincoln has played.

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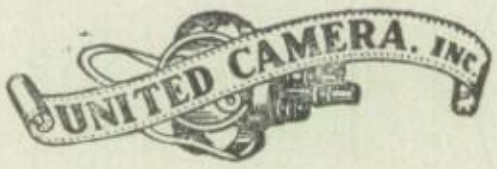

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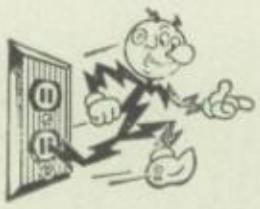
LIVE BETTER  **ELECTRICALLY**

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